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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Printed by James Ballantyne and Company.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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MARMION.

Introduction to Canto Sixth.

TO

RICHARD HEBER, Esq.

Mertoun-House, Christmas.

Heap on more wood!—The wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deem'd the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer:
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain;
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then, in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes deck'd the wall,

They gorged upon the half-dress'd steer ;
Caroused in seas of sable beer ;
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnaw'd rib, and marrow-bone ;
Or listen'd all, in grim delight,
While scalds yell'd out the joys of fight.
Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,
While wildly loose their red locks fly,
And, dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while,
As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night :
On Christmas eve the bells were rung ;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung ;

That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dress'd with holy green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the misletoe.
Then open'd wide the Baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doff'd her pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner chuse;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;

The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No marks to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving man;
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassel round, in good brown bowls,
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by
Plumb-porridge stood, and Christmas pye;
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide, her savoury goose.
Then came the merry masquers in,
And carols roar'd with blithesome din;

If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But O! what masquers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

Still linger, in our northern clime,
Some remnants of the good old time;
And still, within our valleys here,
We hold the kindred title dear,
Even when, perchance, its far-fetch'd claim
To southern ear sounds empty name;

For course of blood, our proverbs deem,
Is warmer than the mountain-stream.*
And thus, my Christmas still I hold
Where my great-grandsire came of old,
With amber beard and flaxen hair,
And reverend apostolic air,
The feast and holy-tide to share,
And mix sobriety with wine,
And honest mirth with thoughts divine:
Small thought was his, in after time,
E'er to be hitch'd into a rhyme.
The simple sire could only boast,
That he was loyal to his cost;
The banish'd race of kings revered,
And lost his land,—but kept his beard.

In these drear halls, where welcome kind
Is with fair liberty combined;

---

* "Blood is warmer than water,"—a proverb meant to vindicate our family predilections.

Where cordial friendship gives the hand,
And flies constraint the magic wand
Of the fair dame that rules the land,
Little we heed the tempest drear,
While music, mirth, and social cheer,
Speed on their wings the passing year.
And Mertoun's halls are fair e'en now,
When not a leaf is on the bough.
Tweed loves them well, and turns again,
As loth to leave the sweet domain,
And holds his mirror to her face,
And clips her with a close embrace:—
Gladly as he, we seek the dome,
And as reluctant turn us home.

How just, that, at this time of glee,
My thoughts should, Heber, turn to thee!
For many a merry hour we've known,
And heard the chimes of midnight's tone.
Cease, then, my friend! a moment cease,
And leave these classic tomes in peace!

Of Roman and of Grecian lore,
Sure mortal brain can hold no more.
These ancients, as Noll Bluff might say,
Were "pretty fellows in their day;" *
But time and tide o'er all prevail—
On Christmas eve a Christmas tale—
Of wonder and of war—"Profane!
What! leave the lofty Latian strain,
Her stately prose, her verse's charms,
To hear the clash of rusty arms;
In Fairy Land or Limbo lost,
To jostle conjuror and ghost,
Goblin and witch!"—Nay, Heber dear,
Before you touch my charter, hear;
Though Leyden aids, alas! no more,
My cause with many-languaged lore.
This may I say:—in realms of death
Ulysses meets Alcides' *wraith;*

---

* "Hannibal was a pretty fellow, sir—a very pretty fellow in his day."—*Old Bachelor.*

Æneas, upon Thracia's shore,
The ghost of murder'd Polydore;
For omens, we in Livy cross,
At every turn, *locutus Bos.*
As grave and duly speaks that ox,
As if he told the price of stocks;
Or held, in Rome republican,
The place of Common-councilman.

All nations have their omens drear,
Their legends wild of woe and fear.
To Cambria look—the peasant see
Bethink him of Glendowerdy,
And shun "the Spirit's Blasted Tree."
The Highlander, whose red claymore
The battle turn'd on Maida's shore,
Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,
If ask'd to tell a fairy tale:
He fears the vengeful Elfin King,
Who leaves that day his grassy ring;

Invisible to human ken,
He walks among the sons of men.

Didst ere, dear Heber, pass along
Beneath the towers of Franchémont,
Which, like an eagle's nest in air,
Hang o'er the stream and hamlet fair?—
Deep in their vaults, the peasants say,
A mighty treasure buried lay,
Amass'd through rapine and through wrong
By the last lord of Franchémont.
The iron chest is bolted hard,
A huntsman sits, its constant guard;
Around his neck his horn is hung,
His hanger in his belt is slung;
Before his feet his bloodhounds lie:
An 'twere not for his gloomy eye,
Whose withering glance no heart can brook,
As true a huntsman doth he look,
As bugle e'er in brake did sound,
Or ever hollow'd to a hound.

To chase the fiend, and win the prize.
In that same dungeon ever tries
An aged Necromantic Priest;
It is an hundred years at least,
Since 'twixt them first the strife began,
And neither yet has lost or won.
And oft the Conjuror's words will make
The stubborn Demon groan and quake;
And oft the bands of iron break,
Or bursts one lock, that still amain,
Fast as 'tis open'd, shuts again.
That magic strife within the tomb
May last until the day of doom,
Unless the Adept shall learn to tell
The very word that clench'd the spell,
When Franch'mont lock'd the treasure-cell.
An hundred years are past and gone,
And scarce three letters has he won.

Such general superstition may
Excuse for old Pitscottie say;

Whose gossip history has given
My song the messenger from heaven,
That warn'd, in Lithgow, Scotland's King,
Nor less the infernal summoning;
May pass the Monk of Durham's tale,
Whose Demon fought in Gothic mail;
May pardon plead for Fordun grave,
Who told of Gifford's Goblin-Cave.
But why such instances to you,
Who in an instant can review
Your treasured hoards of various lore,
And furnish twenty thousand more?
Hoards, not like their's whose volumes rest
Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest,
While gripple owners still refuse
To others what they cannot use—
Give them the priest's whole century,
They shall not spell you letters three;
Their pleasure in the books the same
The magpie takes in pilfer'd gem.

Thy volumes, open as thy heart,
Delight, amusement, science, art,
To every ear and eye impart;
Yet who of all who thus employ them,
Can, like the owner's self, enjoy them?—
But, hark! I hear the distant drum:
The day of Flodden field is come.—
Adieu, dear Heber! life and health,
And store of literary wealth.

MARMION.

CANTO SIXTH.

The Battle.

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MARMION.

CANTO SIXTH.

The Battle.

I.

While great events were on the gale,
And each hour brought a varying tale,
And the demeanour changed and cold,
Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold,
And, like the impatient steed of war,
He snuff'd the battle from afar;
And hopes were none, that back again
Herald should come from Terouenne,

Where England's King in leaguer lay,
Before decisive battle-day ;
While these things were, the mournful Clare
Did in the Dame's devotions share :
For the good Countess ceaseless pray'd
To Heaven and Saints, her sons to aid,
And, with short interval, did pass
From prayer to book, from book to mass,
And all in high baronial pride,—
A life both dull and dignified ;—
Yet as Lord Marmion nothing press'd
Upon her intervals of rest,
Dejected Clara well could bear
The formal state, the lengthen'd prayer,
Though dearest to her wounded heart
The hours that she might spend apart.

II.

I said, Tantallon's dizzy steep
Hung o'er the margin of the deep.

Many a rude tower and rampart there
Repell'd the insult of the air,
Which, when the tempest vex'd the sky,
Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by.
Above the rest, a turret square
Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,
Of sculpture rude, a stony shield;
The Bloody Heart was in the field,
And in the chief three mullets stood
The cognizance of Douglas blood.
The turret held a narrow stair,
Which, mounted, gave you access where
A parapet's embattled row
Did seaward round the castle go.
Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,
Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,
Sometimes in platform broad extending,
Its varying circle did combine
Bulwark, and bartisan, and line,
And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign;

Above the booming ocean leant
The far projecting battlement;
The billows burst, in ceaseless flow,
Upon the precipice below.
Where'er Tantallon faced the land,
Gate-works, and walls, were strongly mann'd;
No need upon the sea-girt side;
The steepy rock, and frantic tide,
Approach of human step denied;
And thus these lines, and ramparts rude,
Were left in deepest solitude.

III.

And, for they were so lonely, Clare
Would to these battlements repair,
And muse upon her sorrows there,
And list the sea-bird's cry;
Or slow, like noon-tide ghost, would glide
Along the dark-grey bulwarks' side,
And ever on the heaving tide
Look down with weary eye.

Oft did the cliff, and swelling main,
Recall the thoughts of Whitby's fane,—
A home she ne'er might see again;
For she had laid adown,
So Douglas bade, the hood and veil,
And frontlet of the cloister pale,
And Benedictine gown:
It were unseemly sight, he said,
A novice out of convent shade.—
Now her bright locks, with sunny glow,
Again adorn'd her brow of snow;
Her mantle rich, whose borders, round,
A deep and fretted broidery bound,
In golden foldings sought the ground;
Of holy ornament, alone
Remain'd a cross of ruby stone;
And often did she look
On that which in her hand she bore,
With velvet bound, and broider'd o'er,
Her breviary book.

In such a place, so lone, so grim,
At dawning pale, or twilight dim,
It fearful would have been,
To meet a form so richly dress'd,
With book in hand, and cross on breast,
And such a woeful mien.
Fitz-Eustace, loitering with his bow,
To practice on the gull and crow,
Saw her, at distance, gliding slow,
And did by Mary swear,
Some love-lorn fay she might have been,
Or, in romance, some spell-bound queen;
For ne'er, in work-day world, was seen
A form so witching fair.

IV.

Once walking thus, at evening tide,
It chanced a gliding sail she spied,
And, sighing, thought—"The Abbess there,
Perchance, does to her home repair;

Her peaceful rule, where Duty, free,
Walks hand in hand with Charity;
Where oft Devotion's tranced glow
Can such a glimpse of heaven bestow,
That the enraptured sisters see
High vision, and deep mystery;
The very form of Hilda fair,*
Hovering upon the sunny air,
And smiling on her votaries' prayer.
O! wherefore, to my duller eye,
Did still the Saint her form deny!
Was it, that, scar'd by sinful scorn,
My heart could neither melt nor burn?
Or lie my warm affections low
With him, that taught them first to glow?
Yet, gentle Abbess, well I knew
To pay thy kindness grateful due,
And well could brook the mild command
That ruled thy simple maiden band.

---

* See Note.

How different now ! condemn'd to bide
My doom from this dark tyrant's pride.—
But Marmion has to learn, ere long,
That constant mind, and hate of wrong,
Descended to a feeble girl,
From Red De Clare, stout Gloster's Earl :
Of such a stem a sapling weak,
He ne'er shall bend, although he break.

V.

" But see !—what makes this armour here ?"
For in her path there lay
Targe, corslet, helm ;—she view'd them near.—
" The breast-plate pierced !—Ay, much I fear,
Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foeman's spear,
That hath made fatal entrance here,
As these dark blood-gouts say.—
Thus Wilton !—Oh ! not corslet's ward,
Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,
Could be thy manly bosom's guard
On yon disastrous day !"—

She raised her eyes in mournful mood,—
—WILTON himself before her stood!
It might have seem'd his passing ghost,
For every youthful grace was lost;
And joy unwonted, and surprise,
Gave their strange wildness to his eyes.—
Expect not, noble dames and lords,
That I can tell such scene in words:
What skilful limner e'er would chuse
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?
Far less can my weak line declare
Each changing passion's shade;
Brightening to rapture from despair,
Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,
And joy, with her angelic air,
And hope, that paints the future fair,
Their varying hues display'd:
Each o'er its rival's ground extending,
Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,

Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield,
And mighty Love retains the field.
Shortly I tell what then he said,
By many a tender word delay'd,
And modest blush, and bursting sigh,
And question kind, and fond reply.

VI.

De Wilton's History.

" Forget we that disastrous day,
When senseless in the lists I lay.
Thence dragg'd,—but how I cannot know,
For sense and recollection fled,—
I found me on a pallet low,
Within my ancient beadsman's shed.
Austin,—remember'st thou, my Clare,
How thou didst blush, when the old man,
When first our infant love began,
Said we would make a matchless pair?—
Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled
From the degraded traitor's bed,—

He, only, held my burning head,
And tended me for many a day,
While wounds and fever held their sway.
But far more needful was his care,
When sense return'd to wake despair;
For I did tear the closing wound,
And dash me frantic on the ground,
If e'er I heard the name of Clare.
At length, to calmer reason brought,
Much by his kind attendance wrought,
With him I left my native strand,
And, in a palmer's weeds array'd,
My hated name and form to shade,
I journey'd many a land;
No more a lord of rank and birth,
But mingled with the dregs of earth.
Oft Austin for my reason fear'd,
When I would sit, and deeply brood
On dark revenge, and deeds of blood,
Or wild mad schemes uprear'd.

My friend at length fell sick, and said,
God would remove him soon;
And, while upon his dying bed,
He begg'd of me a boon—
If e'er my deadliest enemy
Beneath my brand should conquer'd lie,
Even then my mercy should awake,
And spare his life for Austin's sake.

VII.

"Still restless as a second Cain,
To Scotland next my route was ta'en,
Full well the paths I knew.
Fame of my fate made various sound,
That death in pilgrimage I found,
That I had perish'd of my wound,
None cared which tale was true:
And living eye could never guess
De Wilton in his palmer's dress;
For, now that sable slough is shed,
And trimm'd my shaggy beard and head,

I scarcely knew me in the glass.
A chance most wond'rous did provide,
That I should be that Baron's guide—
I will not name his name!—
Vengeance to God alone belongs;
But, when I think on all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame!
And ne'er the time shall I forget,
When, in a Scottish hostel set,
Dark looks we did exchange:
What were his thoughts I cannot tell;
But in my bosom muster'd Hell
Its plans of dark revenge.

VIII.

"A word of vulgar augury,
That broke from me, I scarce knew why,
Brought on a village tale;
Which wrought upon his moody sprite,
And sent him armed forth by night.
I borrow'd steed and mail,

And weapons, from his sleeping band ;
And, passing from a postern door,
We met, and 'counter'd hand to hand,—
He fell on Gifford-moor.
For the death-stroke my brand I drew,
(O then my helmed head he knew,
The palmer's cowl was gone,)
Then had three inches of my blade
The heavy debt of vengeance paid,—
My hand the thought of Austin staid ;
I left him there alone.—
O, good old man ! even from the grave,
Thy spirit could thy master save :
If I had slain my foeman, ne'er
Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fear,
Given to my hand this packet dear,
Of power to clear my injured fame,
And vindicate De Wilton's name.—
Perchance you heard the Abbess tell
Of the strange pageantry of Hell,

That broke our secret speech—
It rose from the infernal shade,
Or featly was some juggle play'd,
A tale of peace to teach.
Appeal to Heaven I judged was best,
When my name came among the rest.

IX.

" Now here, within Tantallon Hold,
To Douglas late my tale I told,
To whom my house was known of old.
Won by my proofs, his faulchion bright
This eve anew shall dub me knight.
These were the arms that once did turn
The tide of fight on Otterburne,
And Harry Hotspur forced to yield,
When the dead Douglas won the field.
These Angus gave—his armourer's care,
Ere morn shall every breach repair;
For nought, he said, was in his halls,

But ancient armour on the walls,
And aged chargers in the stalls,
And women, priests, and grey-hair'd men;
The rest were all in Twizel glen.*
And now I watch my armour here,
By law of arms, till midnight's near;
Then, once again a belted knight,
Seek Surrey's camp with dawn of light.

X.

"There soon again we meet, my Clare!
This Baron means to guide thee there:
Douglas reveres his king's command,
Else would he take thee from his band.
And there thy kinsman, Surrey, too,
Will give De Wilton justice due.
Now meeter far for martial broil,
Firmer my limbs, and strung by toil,
Once more"——"O, Wilton! must we then
Risk new-found happiness again,

* Where James encamped before taking post at Flodden.

Trust fate of arms once more?
And is there not a humble glen,
Where we, content and poor,
Might build a cottage in the shade,
A shepherd thou, and I to aid
Thy task on dale and moor?
That reddening brow!—too well I know,
Not even thy Clare can peace bestow,
While falsehood stains thy name:
Go then to fight! Clare bids thee go!
Clare can a warrior's feelings know,
And weep a warrior's shame;
Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,
Buckle the spurs upon thy heel,
And belt thee with thy brand of steel,
And send thee forth to fame!"—

XI.

That night, upon the rocks and bay,
The midnight moon-beam slumbering lay,

And pour'd its silver light, and pure,
Through loop-hole, and through embrazure,
Upon Tantallon tower and hall;
But chief where arched windows wide
Illuminate the chapel's pride,
The sober glances fall.
Much was there need; though, seam'd with scars,
Two veterans of the Douglas' wars,
Though two grey priests were there,
And each a blazing torch held high,
You could not by their blaze descry
The chapel's carving fair.
Amid that dim and smoky light,
Chequering the silvery moon-shine bright,
A Bishop by the altar stood,
A noble lord of Douglas' blood,
With mitre sheen, and rocquet white.
Yet shew'd his meek and thoughtful eye
But little pride of prelacy;
More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,

Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.
Beside him ancient Angus stood,
Doff'd his furr'd gown and sable hood;
O'er his huge form and visage pale,
He wore a cap and shirt of mail,
And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand
Upon the huge and sweeping brand
Which wont, of yore, in battle-fray,
His foemen's limbs to shred away,
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.
He seem'd as, from the tombs around
Rising at judgment-day,
Some giant Douglas may be found
In all his old array;
So pale his face, so huge his limb,
So old his arms, his look so grim.

XII.

Then at the altar Wilton kneels,
And Clare the spurs bound on his heels;

And think what next he must have felt,
At buckling of the faulchion belt!
And judge how Clara changed her hue,
While fastening to her lover's side
A friend, which, though in danger tried,
He once had found untrue!
Then Douglas struck him with his blade:
"Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,
I dub thee knight.
Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir!
For king, for church, for lady fair,
See that thou fight."—
And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,
Said—"Wilton! grieve not for thy woes,
Disgrace and trouble;
For He, who honour best bestows,
May give thee double."—
De Wilton sobb'd, for sob he must—
"Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust
That Douglas is my brother!"—

" Nay, nay," old Angus said, " not so ;
To Surrey's camp thou now must go,
Thy wrongs no longer smother.
I have two sons in yonder field ;
And, if thou meet'st them under shield,
Upon them bravely—do thy worst ;
And foul fall him that blenches first !"—

XIII.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride ;
He had safe-conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide :
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper'd in an under tone,
" Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu :—

" Though something I might plain," he said,
" Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid ;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."—
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :—
" My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own ;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

XIV.

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,

And—" This to me!" he said,—
" An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"—
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:

Fierce he broke forth,—"And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!—
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."—
Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was his need,
And dash'd the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the arch-way sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

XV.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reach'd his band,

He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he rein'd his fury's pace;
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.—
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed!
At first in heart it liked me ill,
When the King praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line:
So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.—
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him too," he cried:
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride:
I warrant him a warrior tried."—

With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle's halls.

XVI.

The day in Marmion's journey wore;
Yet, ere his passion's gust was o'er,
They cross'd the heights of Stanrig-moor.
His troop more closely there he scann'd,
And miss'd the Palmer from the band.—
"Palmer or not," young Blount did say,
"He parted at the peep of day;
Good sooth it was in strange array."—
"In what array?" said Marmion, quick.
"My lord, I ill can spell the trick;
But all night long, with clink and bang,
Close to my couch did hammers clang;
At dawn the falling drawbridge rang,
And, from a loop-hole while I peep,
Old Bell-the-cat came from the Keep,
Wrapp'd in a gown of sables fair,
As fearful of the morning air;

Beneath, when that was blown aside,
A rusty shirt of mail I spied,
By Archibald won in bloody work,
Against the Saracen and Turk:
Last night it hung not in the hall;
I thought some marvel would befal.
And next I saw them saddled lead
Old Cheviot forth, the Earl's best steed;
A matchless horse, though something old,
Prompt to his paces, cool and bold.
I heard the Sheriff Sholto say,
The Earl did much the Master* pray
To use him on the battle-day;
But he preferr'd"—"Nay, Henry, cease!
Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace.—
Eustace, thou bear'st a brain—I pray,
What did Blount see at break of day?"

XVII.

"In brief, my lord, we both descried
(For then I stood by Henry's side)

* His eldest son, the Master of Angus.

The Palmer mount, and outwards ride,
Upon the Earl's own favourite steed;
All sheathed he was in armour bright,
And much resembled that same knight
Subdued by you in Cotswold fight:
Lord Angus wish'd him speed."
The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,
A sudden light on Marmion broke;
"Ah! dastard fool, to reason lost!"
He mutter'd; "'Twas nor fay nor ghost,
I met upon the moonlight wold,
But living man of earthly mould.—
O dotage blind and gross!
Had I but fought as wont, one thrust
Had laid de Wilton in the dust,
My path no more to cross.—
How stand we now?—he told his tale
To Douglas; and with some avail;
'Twas therefore gloom'd his rugged brow.—
Will Surrey dare to entertain,
'Gainst Marmion, charge disproved and vain?
Small risk of that, I trow.—

Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun;
Must separate Constance from the Nun—
O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!—
A Palmer too!—no wonder why
I felt rebuked beneath his eye:
I might have known there was but one,
Whose look could quell Lord Marmion."—

XVIII.

Stung with these thoughts, he urged to speed
His troop, and reach'd, at eve, the Tweed,
Where Lennel's convent closed their march:
(There now is left but one frail arch,
Yet mourn thou not its cells;
Our time a fair exchange has made;
Hard by, in hospitable shade,
A reverend pilgrim dwells,
Well worth the whole Bernardine brood,
That e'er wore sandal, frock, or hood.)

Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there
Give Marmion entertainment fair,
And lodging for his train and Clare,
Next morn the Baron climb'd the tower,
To view afar the Scottish power,
Encamp'd on Flodden edge:
The white pavilions made a show,
Like remnants of the winter snow,
Along the dusky ridge.
Long Marmion look'd:—at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry
Amid the shifting lines:
The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For, flashing on the hedge of spears
The eastern sun-beam shines.
Their front now deepening, now extending,
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back, and now descending,
The skilful Marmion well could know,
They watch'd the motions of some foe,
Who traversed on the plain below.

XIX.

Even so it was;—from Flodden ridge
The Scotch beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd
The Till by Twisel Bridge.
High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the cavern'd cliffs they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
Troop after troop are disappearing;
Troop after troop, their banners rearing,
Upon the eastern bank you see.
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And weeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,

To gain the opposing hill.
That morn, to many a trumpet-clang,
Twisel! thy rock's deep echo rang;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

XX.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead?

What vails the vain knight-errant's brand?
—O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannock-bourne!—
The precious hour has pass'd in vain,
And England's host has gain'd the plain;
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden-hill.

XXI.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,—
"Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!
And see ascending squadrons come
Between Tweed's river and the hill,

Foot, horse, and cannon :—hap what hap,
My basnet to a prentice cap,
Lord Surrey's o'er the Till !—
Yet more ! yet more !—how fair array'd
They file from out the hawthorn shade,
And sweep so gallant by !
With all their banners bravely spread,
And all their armour flashing high,
Saint George might waken from the dead,
To see fair England's standards fly."—
" Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount ; " thou'dst best,
And listen to our lord's behest."—
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,
" This instant be our band array'd ;
The river must be quickly cross'd,
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.
If fight King James,—as well I trust,
That fight he will, and fight he must,—
The Lady Clare behind our lines
Shall tarry, while the battle joins."—

XXII.

Himself he swift on horseback threw,
Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu,
Far less would listen to his prayer,
To leave behind the helpless Clare.
Down to the Tweed his band he drew,
And mutter'd as the flood they view,
"The pheasant in the falcon's claw,
He scarce will yield to please a daw:
Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,
So Clare shall bide with me."
Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,
He ventured desperately:
And not a moment will he bide,
Till squire, or groom, before him ride;
Headmost of all he stems the tide,
And stems it gallantly.
Eustace held Clare upon her horse,
Old Hubert led her rein,

Stoutly they braved the current's course,
And, though far downward driven per force,
The southern bank they gain;
Behind them, straggling, came to shore,
As best they might, the train:
Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore,
A caution not in vain;
Deep need that day that every string,
By wet unharm'd, should sharply ring.
A moment then Lord Marmion staid,
And breath'd his steed, his men array'd,
Then forward moved his band,
Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
He halted by a Cross of Stone,
That, on a hillock standing lone,
Did all the field command.

XXIII.

Hence might they see the full array
Of either host, for deadly fray;

Their marshall'd lines stretch'd east and west,
And fronted north and south
And distant salutation past
From the loud cannon mouth;
Not in the close successive rattle,
That breathes the voice of modern battle,
But slow and far between.—
The hillock gain'd, Lord Marmion staid:
"Here, by this Cross," he gently said,
"You well may view the scene.
Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare:
O! think of Marmion in thy prayer!—
Thou wilt not?—well,—no less my care
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—
You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
With ten pick'd archers of my train;
With England if the day go hard,
To Berwick speed amain.
But, if we conquer, cruel maid!
My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
When here we meet again."—

He waited not for answer there,
And would not mark the maid's despair,
Nor heed the discontented look
From either squire; but spurr'd amain,
And, dashing through the battle-plain,
His way to Surrey took.

XXIV.

"——The good Lord Marmion, by my life!
Welcome to danger's hour!—
Short greeting serves in time of strife:—
Thus have I ranged my power:
Myself will rule this central host,
Stout Stanley fronts their right,
My sons command the vaward post,
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
Shall be in rear-ward of the fight,
And succour those that need it most.
Now gallant Marmion, well I know,
Would gladly to the vanguard go;

Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,
With thee their charge will blithely share;
There fight thine own retainers too,
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."—
"Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said,
Nor further greeting there he paid;
But, parting like a thunder-bolt,
First in the vanguard made a halt,
Where such a shout there rose
Of "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry
Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes.

XXV.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill;
On which, (for far the day was spent,)
The western sun-beams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view;

Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
" Unworthy office here to stay !
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
But see ! look up—on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."—
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till
Was wreath'd in sable smoke ;
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke ;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march ; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.—

They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air;
O! life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Long look'd the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

XXVI.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.

Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and faulchions flash'd amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight;
Although against them come
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntley, and with Home.

XXVII.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broad-sword plied:
'Twas vain:—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,

It waver'd 'mid the foes.
No longer Blount the sight could bear:—
"By heaven, and all its saints, I swear,
I will not see it lost!
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads, and patter prayer,—
I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Follow'd by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large,—
The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too; yet staid,
As loth to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,

Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

XXVIII.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone:
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels;
Perchance a courage not her own
Braces her mind to desperate tone.—
The scatter'd van of England wheels;—
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roar'd, "Is Wilton there?"—
They fly, or, madden'd by despair,
Fight but to die—"Is Wilton there?"—
With that straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drench'd with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,

A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strain'd the broken brand;
His arms were smear'd with blood and sand:
Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion! . . .
Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said—" By Saint George, he's gone!
That spear-wound has our master sped,
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good night to Marmion."—
" Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes," said Eustace; " peace!"

XXIX.

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
" Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!

Redeem my pennon, charge again!
Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!—
Yet my last thought is England's:—fly,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring:
Tell him his squadrons up to bring:—
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down:—my life is reft;—
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.—
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."—
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,

Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmur'd,—" Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring,
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst !"—

XXX.

O, Woman ! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,—
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran :
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.

She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn?—behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell,
Above, some half-worn letters say,
Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and. pray.
For. the. kind. soul. of. Sybil. Grey.
Who. built. this. cross. and. well.
She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A Monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

XXXI.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And as she stoop'd his brow to lave—
" Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
" Or injured Constance, bathes my head ?"
Then, as remembrance rose,—
" Speak not to me of shrift or prayer !
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words are mine, to spare :
Forgive, and listen, gentle Clare !"—
" Alas !" she said, " the while,—
O think of your immortal weal !
In vain for Constance is your zeal ;
She——died at Holy Isle."
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound ;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents, from his wounded side.
" Then it was truth !"—he said—" I knew
That the dark presage must be true.—

I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."—
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling Monk.

XXXII.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
And strove to staunch, the gushing wound:
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was on his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,

For that she ever sung,
" *In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!'
So the notes rung ;—
" Avoid thee, Fiend !—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand !—
O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;
O think on faith and bliss !—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
And—STANLEY ! was the cry ;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye ;
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted " Victory !"—
" Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on !" . . .
Were the last words of Marmion.

XXXIII.

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their king,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor vaward wing,
Where Huntley, and where Home?—
O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,
Our Caledonian pride!
In vain the wish—for, far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,

Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.—
" O, Lady," cried the Monk, " away !"—
And placed her on her steed,
And led her to the chapel fair,
Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.
There all the night they spent in prayer,
And, at the dawn of morning, there
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

XXXIV.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in vollies hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd ;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring ;

The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest, low,
They melted from the field, as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.

Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

XXXV.

Day dawns upon the mountain's side:
There, Scotland! lay thy bravest pride,
Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one,
The sad survivors all are gone.—

View not that corpse mistrustfully,
Defaced and mangled though it be;
Nor to yon Border Castle high
Look northward with upbraiding eye;
Nor cherish hope in vain,
That, journeying far on foreign strand,
The Royal Pilgrim to his land
May yet return again.
He saw the wreck his rashness wrought;
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,
And fell on Flodden plain;
And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clench'd within his manly hand,
Beseem'd the monarch slain.
But, O! how changed since yon blithe night!—
Gladly I turn me from the sight,
Unto my tale again.

XXXVI.

Short is my tale:—Fitz-Eustace' care
A pierced and mangled body bare,

To moated Lichfield's lofty pile;
And there, beneath the southern aisle,
A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,
Did long Lord Marmion's image bear.
(Now vainly for its scite you look;
'Twas levell'd, when fanatic Brook
The fair cathedral storm'd and took;
But, thanks to heaven and good Saint Chad,
A guerdon meet the spoiler had!)
There erst was martial Marmion found,
His feet upon a couchant hound,
His hands to heaven upraised;
And all around, on scutcheon rich,
And tablet carved, and fretted niche,
His arms and feats were blazed.
And yet, though all was carved so fair,
And priest for Marmion breathed the prayer,
The last Lord Marmion lay not there.
From Ettrick woods, a peasant swain
Follow'd his lord to Flodden plain,—

One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay
In Scotland mourns as "wede away:"
Sore wounded, Sybil's Cross he spied,
And dragg'd him to its foot and died,
Close by the noble Marmion's side.
The spoilers stripp'd and gash'd the slain,
And thus their corpses were mista'en;
And thus, in the proud Baron's tomb,
The lowly woodsman took the room.

XXXVII.

Less easy task it were, to show
Lord Marmion's nameless grave, and low.
They dug his grave e'en where he lay,
But every mark is gone;
Time's wasting hand has done away
The simple Cross of Sybil Grey,
And broke her font of stone:
But yet from out the little hill
Oozes the slender springlet still.

Oft halts the stranger there,
For thence may best his curious eye
The memorable field descry;
And shepherd boys repair
To seek the water-flag and rush,
And rest them by the hazel bush,
And plait their garlands fair;
Nor dream they sit upon the grave,
That holds the bones of Marmion brave.—
When thou shalt find the little hill,
With thy heart commune, and be still.
If ever, in temptation strong,
Thou left'st the right path for the wrong;
If every devious step, thus trode,
Still lead thee farther from the road;
Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom
On noble Marmion's lowly tomb;
But say, "He died a gallant knight,
With sword in hand, for England's right."

XXXVIII.

I do not rhyme to that dull elf,
Who cannot image to himself,
That all through Flodden's dismal night,
Wilton was foremost in the fight;
That, when brave Surrey's steed was slain,
'Twas Wilton mounted him again;
'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest hew'd,
Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood,—
Unnamed by Hollinshed or Hall,
He was the living soul of all;
That, after fight, his faith made plain,
He won his rank and lands again,
And charged his old paternal shield
With bearings won on Flodden field.—
Nor sing I to that simple maid,
To whom it must in terms be said,
That king and kinsmen did agree
To bless fair Clara's constancy;
Who cannot, unless I relate,
Paint to her mind the bridal's state;

That Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,
More, Sands, and Denny, pass'd the joke;
That bluff King Hal the curtain drew,
And Catherine's hand the stocking threw;
And afterwards, for many a day,
That it was held enough to say,
In blessing to a wedded pair,
"Love they like Wilton and like Clare!"

L'Envoy.

TO THE READER.

Why then a final note prolong,
Or lengthen out a closing song,
Unless to bid the gentles speed,
Who long have listed to my rede?*—
To Statesmen grave, if such may deign
To read the Minstrel's idle strain,

* Used generally for *tale*, or *discourse*.

Sound head, clean hand, and piercing wit,
And patriotic heart—as PITT!
A garland for the hero's crest,
And twined by her he loves the best;
To every lovely lady bright,
What can I wish but faithful knight;
To every faithful lover too,
What can I wish but lady true?
And knowledge to the studious sage;
And pillow to the head of age.
To thee, dear schoolboy, whom my lay
Has cheated of thy hour of play,
Light task, and merry holiday!
To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!

END OF MARMION.

NOTES

TO

Marmion.

NOTES TO CANTO VI.

Note I.

——— *the savage Dane*
At Iol more deep the mead did drain.—P. 3.

The Iol of the heathen Danes, (a word still applied to Christmas in Scotland,) was solemnized with great festivity. The humour of the Danes at table displayed itself in pelting each other with bones; and Torfæus tells a long and curious story, in the history of Hrolfe Kraka, of one Hottus, an inmate of the court of Denmark, who was so generally assailed with these missiles, that he constructed, out of the bones with which he was overwhelmed, a very respectable entrenchment, against those who continued the raillery. The dances of the northern warriors round the great fires of pine-trees, are commemorated by Olaus Magnus, who says, they danced with such fury, holding

each other by the hands, that, if the grasp of any failed, he was pitched into the fire with the velocity of a sling. The sufferer, on such occasions, was instantly plucked out, and obliged to quaff off a certain measure of ale, as a penalty for "spoiling the king's fire."

Note II.

On Christmas eve the mass was sung.—P. 4.

In Roman Catholic countries, mass is never said at night, excepting on Christmas eve. Each of the frolics with which that holiday used to be celebrated, might admit of a long and curious note; but I shall content myself with the following description of Christmas, and his attributes, as personified in one of Ben Jonson's Masques for the Court.

"*Enter* CHRISTMAS, *with two or three of the Guard.* He is attired in round hose, long stockings, a close doublet, a high-crowned hat, with a broach, a long thin beard, a truncheon, little ruffs, white shoes, his scarf and garters tied cross, and his drum beaten before him.—

"The names of his children, with their attires.

"*Miss-Rule*, in a velvet cap, with a sprig, a short cloak, great yellow ruff, like a reveller; his torch-bearer bearing a rope, a cheese, and a basket.

"*Caroll*, a long tawny coat, with a red cap, and a flute at his girdle; his torch-bearer carrying a song-book open.

"*Minc'd-pie*, like a fine cook's wife, drest neat, her man carrying a pie, dish, and spoons.

"*Gamboll*, like a tumbler, with a hoop and bells; his torch-bearer arm'd with cole staff, and blinding cloth.

"*Post and Pair*, with a pair-royal of aces in his hat, his garments all done over with pairs and purs; his squire carrying a box, cards, and counters.

"*New-year's-gift*, in a blue coat, serving-man like, with an orange, and a sprig of rosemary gilt on his head, his hat full of broaches, with a collar of gingerbread; his torch-bearer carrying a march-pain, with a bottle of wine on either arm.

"*Mumming*, in a masquing pied suit, with a visor; his torch-bearer carrying the box, and ringing it.

"*Wassal*, like a neat sempster and songster; her page bearing a brown bowl, drest with ribbands and rosemary, before her.

"*Offering*, in a short gown, with a porter's staff in his hand; a wyth borne before him, and a bason, by his torch-bearer.

"*Baby Cocke*, drest like a boy, in a fine long coat, biggin, bib, muckender, and a little dagger; his usher bearing a great cake, with a bean and a pease."

Note III.

Who lists, may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery.—P. 7.

It seems certain, that the Mummers of England, who (in Northumberland at least) used to go about in disguise to the neighbouring houses, bearing the then useless ploughshare; and the *Guisards* of Scotland, not yet in total disuse, present, in

some indistinct degree, a shadow of the old mysteries, which were the origin of the English drama. In Scotland, (*me ipso testé*,) we were wont, during my boy-hood, to take the characters of the apostles, at least of Peter, Paul, and Judas Iscariot; the first had the keys, the second carried a sword, and the last the bag, in which the dole of our neighbours' plumb-cake was deposited. One played a Champion, and recited some traditional rhymes; another was

> . . . . . Alexander, King of Macedon,
> Who conquer'd all the world but Scotland alone;
> When he came to Scotland his courage grew cold,
> To see a little nation so courageous and bold.

These, and many such verses, were repeated, but by rote, and unconnectedly. There was also occasionally, I believe, a Saint George. In all, there was a confused resemblance of the ancient mysteries, in which the characters of Scripture, the Nine Worthies, and other popular personages, were usually exhibited. It were much to be wished, that the Chester Mysteries were published from the MS. in the Museum, with the annotations which a diligent investigator of popular antiquities might still supply. The late acute and valuable antiquary, Mr Ritson, shewed me several memoranda towards such a task, which are probably now dispersed or lost. See, however, his *Remarks on Shakespeare*, 1783, p. 38.—Since the quarto edition of MARMION appeared, this subject has received much elucidation from the learned and extensive labours of Mr Douce.

Note IV.

Where my great grandsire came of old,
With amber beard and flaxen hair.—P. 8.

Mr Scott of Harden, my kind and affectionate friend, and distant relation, has the original of a poetical invitation, addressed from his grandfather to my relative, from which a few lines in the text are imitated. They are dated, as the epistle in the text, from Mertoun-house, the seat of the Harden family.

"With amber beard, and flaxen hair,
And reverend apostolic air,
Free of anxiety and care,
Come hither, Christmas-day, and dine;
We'll mix sobriety with wine,
And easy mirth with thoughts divine.
We Christians think it holiday,
On it no sin to feast or play;
Others, in spite, may fast and pray.
No superstition in the use
Our ancestors made of a goose;
Why may not we, as well as they,
Be innocently blythe that day,
On goose or pye, on wine or ale,
And scorn enthusiastic zeal?—
Pray come, and welcome, or plague rott
Your friend and landlord, Walter Scott.

Mr Walter Scott, Lessudden.

The venerable old gentleman, to whom the lines are addressed, was the younger brother of William Scott of Raeburn. Being the cadet of a cadet of the Harden family, he had very little to lose; yet he contrived to lose the small property he had, by engaging in the civil wars and intrigues of the house of Stuart. His veneration for the exiled family was so great, that he swore he would not shave his beard till they were restored: a mark of attachment, which, I suppose, had been common during Cromwell's usurpation; for, in Cowley's "Cutter of Coleman Street," one drunken cavalier upbraids another, that, when he was not able to afford to pay a barber, he affected to "wear a beard for the king." I sincerely hope this was not absolutely the original reason of my ancestor's beard; which, as appears from a portrait in the possession of Sir Henry Hay Macdougal, Bart., and another painted for the famous Dr Pitcairn,* was a beard of a most dignified and venerable appearance.

Note V.

The Spirit's Blasted Tree.—P. 11.

I am permitted to illustrate this passage, by inserting "*Ceubren yr Ellyll*, or the Spirit's Blasted Tree," a legendary tale, by the Reverend George Warrington:

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* The old gentleman was an intimate of this celebrated genius. By the favour of the late Earl of Kelly, descended on the maternal side from Dr Pitcairn, my father became possessed of the portrait in question.

"The event, on which this tale is founded, is preserved by tradition in the family of the Vaughans of Henwyrt; nor is it entirely lost, even among the common people, who still point out this oak to the passenger. The enmity between the two Welsh chieftains, Howel Sele, and Owen Glendwr, was extreme, and marked by vile treachery in the one, and ferocious cruelty in the other.* The story is somewhat changed and softened, as more favourable to the characters of the two chiefs, and as better answering the purpose of poetry, by admitting the passion of pity, and a greater degree of sentiment in the description. Some trace of Howel Sele's mansion was to be seen a few years ago, and may perhaps be still visible, in the park of Nannau, now belonging to Sir Robert Vaughan, Baronet, in the wild and romantic tracts of Merionethshire. The abbey mentioned passes under two names, Vener and Cymmer. The former is retained, as more generally used."

THE SPIRIT'S BLASTED TREE.

Ceubren yr Ellyll.

Through Nannau's Chace as Howel pass'd,
A Chief esteem'd both brave and kind,
Far distant borne, the stag-hound's cry
Came murmuring on the hollow wind.

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* The history of their feud may be found in Pennant's Tour in Wales.

Starting, he bent an eager ear,—
How should the sounds return again ?
His hounds lay wearied from the chace,
And all at home his hunter train.

Then sudden anger flash'd his eye,
And deep revenge he vow'd to take,
On that bold man who dared to force
His red deer from the forest brake.

Unhappy Chief ! would nought avail,
No signs impress thy heart with fear,
Thy lady's dark mysterious dream,
Thy warning from the hoary seer ?

Three ravens gave the note of death,
As through mid air they wing'd their way ;
Then o'er his head in rapid flight,
They croak,—they scent their destined prey.

Ill-omen'd bird ! as legends say,
Who hast the wond'rous power to know,
While health fills high the throbbing veins,
The fated hour when blood must flow.

Blinded by rage, alone he pass'd,
Nor sought his ready vassals' aid ;
But what his fate lay long unknown,
For many an anxious year delay'd.

A peasant mark'd his angry eye,
He saw him reach the lake's dark bourne.
He saw him near a Blasted Oak,
But never from that hour return.

Three days pass'd o'er, no tidings came ;—
Where should the Chief his steps delay ;
With wild alarm the servants ran,
Yet knew not where to point their way.

His vassals ranged the mountain's height,
The covert close, the wide-spread plain ;
But all in vain their eager search,
They ne'er must see their lord again.

Yet Fancy, in a thousand shapes,
Bore to his home the Chief once more :
Some saw him on high Moel's top,
Some saw him on the winding shore.

With wonder fraught the tale went round,
Amazement chain'd the hearer's tongue ;
Each peasant felt his own sad loss,
Yet fondly o'er the story hung.

Oft by the moon's pale shadowy light,
His aged nurse, and steward grey,
Would lean to catch the storied sounds,
Or mark the flitting spirit stray.

Pale lights on Cader's rocks were seen,
And midnight voices heard to moan;
'Twas even said the Blasted Oak,
Convulsive, heaved a hollow groan:

And, to this day, the peasant still,
With cautious fear avoids the ground;
In each wild branch a spectre sees,
And trembles at each rising sound.

Ten annual suns had held their course,
In summer's smile, or winter's storm;
The lady shed the widow'd tear,
As oft she traced his manly form.

Yet still to hope her heart would cling,
As o'er the mind illusions play,—
Of travel fond, perhaps her lord
To distant lands had steer'd his way.

'Twas now November's cheerless hour,
Which drenching rains and clouds deface;
Dreary bleak Robell's tract appear'd,
And dull and dank each valley's space.

Loud o'er the wier the hoarse flood fell,
And dash'd the foamy spray on high,
The west wind bent the forest tops,
And angry frown'd the evening sky.

A stranger pass'd Llanelltid's bourne,
His dark-grey steed with sweat besprent,
Which, wearied with the lengthen'd way,
Could scarcely gain the hill's ascent.

The portal reach'd,—the iron bell
Loud sounded round the outward wall;
Quick sprung the warder to the gate,
To know what meant the clam'rous call.

"O! lead me to your lady soon;
Say,—it is my sad lot to tell,
To clear the fate of that brave knight,
She long has prov'd she lov'd so well."

Then, as he cross'd the spacious hall,
The menials look surprise and fear;
Still o'er his harp old Modred hung,
And touch'd the notes for grief's worn ear.

The lady sat amidst her train;
A mellow'd sorrow mark'd her look:
Then, asking what his mission meant,
The graceful stranger sigh'd and spoke:—

"O could I spread one ray of hope,
One moment raise thy soul from woe,
Gladly my tongue would tell its tale,
My words at ease unfetter'd flow!

" Now, lady, give attention due,
The story claims thy full belief:
E'en in the worst events of life,
Suspense remov'd is some relief.

" Though worn by care, see Madoc here,
Great Glyndwr's friend, thy kindred's foe;
Ah, let his name no anger raise,
For now that mighty Chief lies low!

" E'en from the day, when, chain'd by fate,
By wizard's dream, or potent spell,
Lingering from sad Salopia's field,
'Reft of *his* aid the Percy fell:—

" E'en from that day misfortune still,
As if for violated faith,
Pursued him with unwearied step;
Vindictive still for Hotspur's death.

" Vanquish'd at length, the Glyndwr fled,
Where winds the Wye her devious flood;
To find a casual shelter there,
In some lone cot, or desert wood.

" Clothed in a shepherd's humble guise,
He gain'd by toil his scanty bread;
He who had Cambria's sceptre borne,
And her brave sons to glory led!

" To penury extreme, and grief,
The Chieftain fell a lingering prey;
I heard his last few faultering words,
Such as with pain I now convey.

' To Sele's sad widow bear the tale,
' Nor let our horrid secret rest;
' Give but *his* corse to sacred earth,
' Then may my parting soul be blest.'—

" Dim wax'd the eye that fiercely shone,
And faint the tongue that proudly spoke,
And weak that arm, still raised to me,
Which oft had dealt the mortal stroke.

" How could I *then* his mandate bear?
Or how his last behest obey?
A rebel deem'd, with him I fled;
With him I shunn'd the light of day.

" Proscribed by Henry's hostile rage,
My country lost, despoil'd my land,
Desperate, I fled my native soil,
And fought on Syria's distant strand.

" O, had thy long-lamented lord
The holy cross and banner view'd,
Died in the sacred cause! who fell
Sad victim of a private feud!

" Led, by the ardour of the chace,
Far distant from his own domain ;
From where Garthmaelan spreads her shades,
The Glyndwr sought the opening plain.

" With head aloft, and antlers wide,
A red buck roused then cross'd in view ;
Stung with the sight, and wild with rage,
Swift from the wood fierce Howel flew.

" With bitter taunt, and keen reproach,
He, all impetuous, pour'd his rage ;
Reviled the Chief as weak in arms,
And bade him loud the battle wage.

" Glyndwr for once restrain'd his sword,
And, still averse, the fight delays ;
But soften'd words, like oil to fire,
Made anger more intensely blaze.

" They fought ; and doubtful long the fray !
The Glyndwr gave the fatal wound !—
Still mournful must my tale proceed,
And its last act all dreadful sound.

" How could we hope for wish'd retreat,
His eager vassals ranging wide ?
His bloodhounds' keen sagacious scent,
O'er many a trackless mountain tried ?

"I mark'd a broad and Blasted Oak,
Scorch'd by the lightning's livid glare;
Hollow its stem from branch to root,
And all its shrivell'd arms were bare.

"Be this, I cried, his proper grave!—
(The thought in me was deadly sin,)
Aloft we raised the hapless Chief,
And dropp'd his bleeding corpse within."

A shriek from all the damsels burst,
That pierced the vaulted roofs below;
While horror-struck the Lady stood,
A living form of sculptured woe.

With stupid stare, and vacant gaze,
Full on his face her eyes were cast,
Absorb'd!—she lost her present grief,
And faintly thought of things long past.

Like wild-fire o'er a mossy heath,
The rumour through the hamlet ran;
The peasants crowd at morning dawn,
To hear the tale,—behold the man,

He led them near the Blasted Oak,
Then, conscious, from the scene withdrew:
The peasants work with trembling haste,
And lay the whiten'd bones to view!—

Back they recoil'd!—the right hand still,
Contracted, grasp'd a rusty sword;
Which erst in many a battle gleam'd,
And proudly deck'd their slaughter'd lord.

They bore the corse to Vener's shrine,
With holy rites and prayers address'd;
Nine white-robed monks the last dirge sang,
And gave the angry spirit rest.

Note VI.

The Highlander———————
Will on a Friday morn look pale,
If ask'd to tell a fairy tale.—P. 11.

The *Daoine shi'*, or *Men of Peace*, of the Scottish Highlanders, rather resemble the Scandinavian *Duergar* than the English Fairies. Notwithstanding their name, they are, if not absolutely malevolent, at least peevish, discontented, and apt to do mischief on slight provocation. The belief of their existence is deeply impressed on the Highlanders, who think they are particularly offended with mortals, who talk of them, who wear their favourite colour green, or in any respect interfere with their affairs. This is especially to be avoided on Friday, when, whether as dedicated to Venus, with whom, in Germany, this subterraneous people are held nearly connected, or for a more solemn reason, they are more active, and possessed of greater power. Some curious particulars concerning the popular superstitions of the Highlanders, may be found in Dr Graham's Picturesque Sketches of Perthshire.

Note VII.

——*The towers of Franchémont.*—P. 12.

The journal of the friend to whom the Fourth Canto of the poem is inscribed, furnished me with the following account of a striking superstition.

"Passed the pretty little village of Franchémont, (near Spaw,) with the romantic ruins of the old castle of the counts of that name. The road leads through many delightful vales, on a rising ground; at the extremity of one of them stands the ancient castle, now the subject of many superstitious legends. It is firmly believed by the neighbouring peasantry, that the last Baron of Franchémont deposited, in one of the vaults of the castle, a ponderous chest, containing an immense treasure in gold and siver, which, by some magic spell, was entrusted to the care of the Devil, who is constantly found sitting on the chest in the shape of a huntsman. Any one adventurous enough to touch the chest, is instantly seized with the palsy. Upon one occasion, a priest of noted piety was brought to the vaults: he used all the arts of exorcism to persuade his infernal majesty to vacate his seat, but in vain; the huntsman remained immoveable. At last, moved by the earnestness of the priest, he told him, that he would agree to resign the chest, if the exorciser would sign his name with blood. But the priest understood his meaning, and refused, as by that act he would have delivered over his soul to the Devil. Yet if any body can discover the mystic words used by the person who deposited the treasure, and pronounce them, the fiend must instantly de-

camp. I had many stories of a similar nature from a peasant, who had himself seen the Devil, in the shape of a great cat."

Note VIII.

The very form of Hilda fair,
Hovering upon the sunny air.—P. 25.

"I shall only produce one instance more of the great veneration paid to Lady Hilda, which still prevails even in these our days; and that is, the constant opinion that she rendered, and still renders herself visible, on some occasions, in the abbey of Streanshalh, or Whitby, where she so long resided. At a particular time of the year, (viz. in the summer months,) at ten or eleven in the forenoon, the sun-beams fall in the inside of the northern part of the choir; and 'tis then that the spectators, who stand on the west side of Whitby church-yard, so as just to see the most northerly part of the abbey past the north end of Whitby church, imagine they perceive, in one of the highest windows there, the resemblance of a woman arrayed in a shroud. Though we are certain this is only a reflection, caused by the splendour of the sun-beams, yet fame reports it, and it is constantly believed among the vulgar, to be an appearance of Lady Hilda in her shroud, or rather in a glorified state; before which, I make no doubt, the papists, even in these our days, offer up their prayers with as much zeal and devotion, as before any other image of their most glorified saint."—CHARLTON'S *History of Whitby*, p. 33.

Note IX.

A Bishop by the altar stood.—P. 36.

The well-known Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, son of Archibald Bell-the-Cat, Earl of Angus. He was author of a Scottish metrical version of the Æneid, and of many other poetical pieces of great merit. He had not at this period attained the mitre.

Note X.

——*The huge and sweeping brand,*
That wont of yore, in battle fray,
His foeman's limbs to shred away,
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.—P. 37.

Angus had strength and personal activity corresponding to his courage. Spens of Kilspindie, a favourite of James IV., having spoken of him lightly, the Earl met him while hawking, and, compelling him to single combat, at one blow cut asunder his thigh-bone, and killed him on the spot. But ere he could obtain James's pardon for this slaughter, Angus was obliged to yield his castle of Hermitage, in exchange for that of Bothwell, which was some diminution to the family greatness. The sword with which he struck so remarkable a blow, was presented by his descendant, James Earl of Morton, afterwards Regent of Scotland, to Lord Lindesay of the Byres, when he defied Bothwell to single combat on Carberry-hill.—See Introduction to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, p. ix.

Note XI.

And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by St Bryde of Bothwell, no!—
Up draw-bridge, grooms,—what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall.—P. 42.

This ebullition of violence in the potent Earl of Angus is not without its example in the real history of the house of Douglas, whose chieftains possessed the ferocity, with the heroic virtues, of a savage state. The most curious instance occurred in the case of Maclellan, Tutor of Bomby, who, having refused to acknowledge the pre-eminence claimed by Douglas over the gentlemen and Barons of Galloway, was seized and imprisoned by the Earl, in his castle of the Thrieve, on the borders of Kirkcudbrightshire. Sir Patrick Gray, commander of King James the Second's guard, was uncle to the Tutor of Bomby, and obtained from the King a "sweet letter of supplication," praying the Earl to deliver his prisoner into Gray's hand. When Sir Patrick arrived at the castle, he was received with all the honour due to a favourite servant of the king's household; but while he was at dinner, the Earl, who suspected his errand, caused his prisoner to be led forth and beheaded. After dinner, Sir Patrick presented the king's letter to the Earl, who received it with great affectation of reverence; "and took him by the hand, and led him forth to the green, where the gentleman was lying dead, and shewed him the manner, and said, Sir Patrick, you are come a little too late; yonder is your sister's son lying, but he wants the head: take his body and do with it what you will. Sir Patrick answered again with a

sore heart, and said, My Lord, if ye have taken from him his head, dispone upon the body as ye please: and with that called for his horse, and leaped thereon; and when he was on horseback, he said to the Earl on this manner, My Lord, if I live, you shall be rewarded for your labours, that you have used at this time, according to your demerits.

"At this saying, the Earl was highly offended, and cried for horse. Sir Patrick, seeing the Earl's fury, spurred his horse, but he was chased near Edinburgh ere they left him; and had it not been his led horse was so tried and good, he had been taken."—PITSCOTTIE'S *History*, p. 39.

Note XII.

A letter forged! St Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed?—P. 43.

Lest the reader should partake of the Earl's astonishment, and consider the crime as inconsistent with the manners of the period, I have to remind him of the numerous forgeries (partly executed by a female assistant) devised by Robert of Artois, to forward his suit against the Countess Matilda; which, being detected, occasioned his flight into England, and proved the remote cause of Edward the Third's memorable wars in France. John Harding, also, was expressly hired by Edward IV., to forge such documents as might appear to establish the claim of fealty asserted over Scotland by the English monarchs.

Note XIII.

Where Lennel's convent closed their march.—P. 47.

This was a Cistertian house of religion, now almost entirely demolished. Lennel House is now the residence of my venerable friend Patrick Brydone, Esquire, so well known in the literary world. It is situated near Coldstream, almost opposite to Cornhill, and consequently very near to Flodden Field.

Note XIV.

The Till by Twisel Bridge.—P. 49.

On the evening previous to the memorable battle of Flodden, Surrey's head quarters were at Barmoor wood, and King James held an inaccessible position on the ridge of Flodden-hill, one of the last and lowest eminences detached from the ridge of Cheviot. The Till, a deep and slow river, winded between the armies. On the morning of the 9th September, 1513, Surrey marched in a north-westerly direction, and crossed the Till, with his van and artillery, at Twisel bridge, nigh where that river joins the Tweed, his rear-guard column passing about a mile higher, by a ford. This movement had the double effect of placing his army between King James and his supplies from Scotland, and of striking the Scottish monarch with surprise, as he seems to have relied on the depth of the river in his front. But as the passage, both over the bridge and through the ford, was difficult and slow, it seems possible that the English might have been attacked to great advantage while struggling with these natural obstacles. I know not if we are to impute James's

forbearance to want of military skill, or to the romantic declaration which Pitscottie puts in his mouth, " that he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field," and therefore would suffer no interruption to be given, even by artillery, to their passing the river.

The ancient bridge of Twisel, by which the English crossed the Till, is still standing beneath Twisel Castle, a splendid pile of Gothic architecture, as now rebuilt by Sir Francis Blake, Bart., whose extensive plantations have so much improved the country around. The glen is romantic and delightful, with steep banks on each side, covered with copse, particularly with hawthorn. Beneath a tall rock, near the bridge, is a plentiful fountain, called St Helen's Well.

Note XV.

Hence might they see the full array
Of either host for battle-fray.—P. 54.

The reader cannot here expect a full account of the battle of Flodden; but, so far as is necessary to understand the romance, I beg to remind him, that, when the English army, by their skilful counter-march, were fairly placed between King James and his own country, the Scottish monarch resolved to fight; and, setting fire to his tents, descended from the ridge of Flodden to secure the neighbouring eminence of Brankstone, on which that village is built. Thus the two armies met, almost without seeing each other, when, according to the old poem of " Flodden Field,"

The English line stretch'd east and west,
And southward were their faces set;
The Scottish northward proudly prest,
And manfully their foes they met.

The English army advanced in four divisions. On the right, which first engaged, were the sons of Earl Surrey, namely, Thomas Howard, the admiral of England, and Sir Edmund, the knight marshal of the army. Their divisions were separated from each other; but, at the request of Sir Edmund, his brother's battalion was drawn very near to his own. The centre was commanded by Surrey in person; and the left wing by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Lancashire, and of the palatinate of Chester. Lord Dacres, with a large body of horse, formed a reserve. When the smoke, which the wind had driven between the armies, was somewhat dispersed, they perceived the Scots, who had moved down the hill, in a similar order of battle, and in deep silence.* The Earls of Huntly and of Home commanded their left wing, and charged Sir Edmund Howard with such success, as entirely to defeat his part of the English right wing. Sir Edmund Howard's banner was beaten down, and he himself escaped with difficulty to his brother's

* *Lesquelz Escossois descendirent la d'montaigne en bonne ordre, en la maniere que marchent les Allemans, sans parler, ne faire aucun bruit.*" Gazette of the Battle, *Pinkerton's History, Appendix*, vol. II. p. 456.

division. The admiral, however, stood firm; and Dacre advancing to his support with the reserve of cavalry, probably between the intervals of the divisions commanded by the brothers Howard, appears to have kept the victors in effectual check. Home's men, chiefly Borderers, began to pillage the baggage of both armies; and the leader is branded, by the Scottish historians, with negligence or treachery. On the other hand, Huntly, on whom they bestow many encomiums, is said, by the English historians, to have left the field after the first charge. Meanwhile the admiral, whose flank these chiefs ought to have attacked, availed himself of their inactivity, and pushed forward against another large division of the Scottish army in his front, headed by the Earls of Crawford and Montrose, both of whom were slain, and their forces routed. On the left the success of the English was yet more decisive; for the Scottish right wing, consisting of undisciplined Highlanders, commanded by Lennox and Argyle, was unable to sustain the charge of Sir Edward Stanley, and especially the severe execution of the Lancashire archers. The King and Surrey, who commanded the respective centres of their armies, were meanwhile engaged in close and dubious conflict. James, surrounded by the flower of his kingdom, and impatient of the galling discharge of arrows, supported also by his reserve under Bothwell, charged with such fury, that the standard of Surrey was in danger. At that critical moment, Stanley, who had routed the left wing of the Scottish, pursued his career of victory, and arrived on the right flank, and in the rear of James's division, which, throwing itself into a circle, disputed the battle till night

came on. Surrey then drew back his forces; for the Scottish centre not having been broken, and their left wing being victorious, he yet doubted the event of the field. The Scottish army, however, felt their loss, and abandoned the field of battle in disorder before dawn. They lost, perhaps, from eight to ten thousand men, but that included the very prime of their nobility, gentry, and even clergy. Scarce a family of eminence but has an ancestor killed at Flodden; and there is no province in Scotland, even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow. The English lost also a great number of men, perhaps within one-third of the vanquished, but they were of inferior note.—See the only distinct detail of the field of Flodden in PINKERTON'S *History*, Book XI.; all former accounts being full of blunder and inconsistency.

The spot, from which Clara views the battle, must be supposed to have been on a hillock commanding the rear of the English right wing, which was defeated, and in which conflict Marmion is supposed to have fallen.

Note XVI.

Brian Tunstall, stainless knight.—P. 56.

Sir Brian Tunstall, called in the romantic language of the time, Tunstall the Undefiled, was one of the few Englishmen of rank slain at Flodden. He figures in the ancient English poem, to which I may safely refer my reader; as an edition, with full explanatory notes, has been published by my friend Mr Henry Weber. Tunstall, perhaps, derived his epithet of

undefiled from his white armour and banner, the latter bearing a white cock about to crow, as well as from his unstained loyalty and knightly faith. His place of residence was Thurland Castle.

Note XVII.

View not that corpse mistrustfully,
Defaced and mangled though it be;
Nor to yon Border castle high
Look northward with upbraiding eye.—P. 75.

There can be no doubt that King James fell in the battle of Flodden. He was killed, says the curious French Gazette, within a lance's length of the Earl of Surrey; and the same account adds, that none of his division were made prisoners, though many were killed; a circumstance that testifies the desperation of their resistance. The Scottish historians record many of the idle reports which passed among the vulgar of their day. Home was accused, by the popular voice, not only of failing to support the king, but even of having carried him out of the field and murdered him. And this tale was revived in my remembrance, by an unauthenticated story of a skeleton, wrapped in a bull's hide, and surrounded with an iron chain, said to have been found in the well of Home Castle; for which, on inquiry, I could never find any better authority, than the sexton of the parish having said, that *if the well were cleaned out, he would not be surprised at such a discovery.* Home was the chamberlain of the king, and his prime favourite; he had much to lose (in fact did lose all) in consequence of James's

death, and nothing earthly to gain by that event: but the retreat, or inactivity, of the left wing, which he commanded, after defeating Sir Edmund Howard, and even the circumstance of his returning unhurt, and loaded with spoil, from so fatal a conflict, rendered the propagation of any calumny against him easy and acceptable. Other reports gave a still more romantic turn to the king's fate, and averred, that James, weary of greatness after the carnage among his nobles, had gone on a pilgrimage, to merit absolution for the death of his father, and the breach of his oath of amity to Henry. In particular, it was objected to the English, that they could never shew the token of the iron belt; which, however, he was likely enough to have laid aside on the day of battle, as encumbering his personal exertions. They produce a better evidence, the monarch's sword and dagger, which are still preserved in the Herald's College in London. Stowe has recorded a degrading story of the disgrace with which the remains of the unfortunate monarch were treated in his time.—An unhewn column marks the spot where James fell, still called the King's Stone.

Note XVIII.

———*fanatic Brook*
The fair cathedral storm'd and took.—P. 76.

This storm of Lichfield cathedral, which had been garrisoned on the part of the king, took place in the great Civil War. Lord Brook, who, with Sir John Gill, commanded the assailants, was shot with a musket-ball through the visor of his helmet. The royalists remarked, that he was killed by a shot fired from St

Chad's Cathedral, and upon St Chad's day, and received his death-wound in the very eye with which, he had said, he hoped to see the ruin of all the Cathedrals in England. The magnificent church in question suffered cruelly upon this, and other occasions; the principal spire being ruined by the fire of the besiegers.

Upon revising the Poem, it seems proper to mention the following particulars:

The lines in page 134, vol. ii.

> Whose doom discording neighbours sought,
> Content with equity unbought;

have been unconsciously borrowed from a passage in Dryden's beautiful epistle to John Driden of Chesterton. The ballad of Lochinvar, p. 264, is in a very slight degree founded on a ballad called "Katharine Janfarie," which may be found in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."

BALLADS

AND

LYRICAL PIECES.

GLENFINLAS,

OR

LORD RONALD'S CORONACH. *

THE tradition, upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus: While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bathy* (a hut built for the purpose of hunting), and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish, that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the syren, who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, con-

* *Coronach* is the lamentation for a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan.

tinued to play upon a trump, or Jew's harp, some strain, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend; who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend, into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called, *The Glen of the Green Women.*

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callender, in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the Earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Balquidder, was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch-Katrine, and its romantic avenue called the Troshachs. Benledi, Benmore, and Benvoirlich, are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The river Teith passes Callender, and the castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The pass of Lenny is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands from that town. Glenartney is a forest near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime tract of Alpine scenery.

GLENFINLAS,

OF

LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.

" For them the viewless forms of air obey,
" Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;
" They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
" And heartless oft, like moody madness, stare,
" To see the phantom train their secret work prepare."

O HONE a rie'! O hone a rie'! *
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

* *O hone a rie'* signifies—" Alas for the prince, or chief."

O, sprung from great Macgillianore,
The Chief that never fear'd a foe,
How matchless was thy broad claymore,
How deadly thine unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon widows tell,
How, on the Teith's resounding shore,
The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
As down from Lenny's pass you bore.

But o'er his hills, on festal day,
How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane tree;
While youths and maids the light strathspey
So nimbly danced, with Highland glee.

Cheer'd by the strength of Ronald's shell,
E'en age forgot his tresses hoar;
But now the loud lament we swell,
O, ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!

From distant isles a Chieftain came,
The joys of Ronald's halls to find,
And chase with him the dark brown game,
That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

'Twas Moy; whom, in Columba's isle,
The seer's prophetic spirit found,
As, with a minstrel's fire the while,
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,
Which wandering spirits shrink to hear;
And many a lay of potent tone,
Was never meant for mortal ear

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,
High converse with the dead they hold,
And oft espy the fated shroud,
That shall the future corpse enfold.

O so it fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,
The Chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scour'd the deep Glenfinlas glen.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
To watch their safety, deck their board:
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid;
Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
Their whistling shafts successful flew;
And still, when dewy evening fell,
The quarry to their hut they drew.

In grey Glenfinlas' deepest nook
The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
When three successive days had flown;
And summer mist in dewy balm
Steep'd heathy bank, and mossy stone.

The moon, half-hid in silvery flakes,
Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise,
Their sylvan fair the Chiefs enjoy;
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eye,
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

—"What lack we here to crown our bliss,
While thus the pulse of joy beats high?
What, but fair woman's yielding kiss,
Her panting breath, and melting eye?

" To chase the deer of yonder shades,
This morning left their father's pile
The fairest of our mountain maids,
The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

" Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,
And dropp'd the tear, and heaved the sigh:
But vain the lover's wily art,
Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

" But thou may'st teach that guardian fair,
While far with Mary I am flown,
Of other hearts to cease her care,
And find it hard to guard her own.

" Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
Unmindful of her charge and me,
Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.

"Or, if she chuse a melting tale,
All underneath the greenwood bough,
Will good St Oran's rule prevail,
Stern huntsman of the rigid brow?"—

—"Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's death,
No more on me shall rapture rise,
Responsive to the panting breath,
Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

"E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe,
Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,
On me the seer's sad spirit came.

"The last dread curse of angry heaven,
With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,
To dash each glimpse of joy, was given—
The gift, the future ill to know.

" The bark thou saw'st, yon summer morn,
So gaily part from Oban's bay,
My eye beheld her dash'd and torn,
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

" The Fergus too—thy sister's son,
Thou saw'st, with pride, the gallant's power,
As marching 'gainst the Lord of Downe,
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

" Thou only saw'st their tartans* wave,
As down Benvoirlich's side they wound,
Heard'st but the pibroch,† answering brave
To many a target clanking round.

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* *Tartans*—The full Highland dress, made of the chequered stuff so termed.

† *Pibroch*—A piece of martial music, adapted to the Highland bag-pipe.

"I heard the groans, I mark'd the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serried Saxon spears
He pour'd his clan's resistless roar.

"And thou, who bid'st me think of bliss,
And bid'st my heart awake to glee,
And court, like thee, the wanton kiss,—
That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

"I see the death-damps chill thy brow;
I hear thy Warning Spirit cry;
The corpse-lights dance—they're gone, and now . . . !
No more is given to gifted eye!"——

——"Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
Sad prophet of the evil hour!
Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams,
Because to-morrow's storm may lour?

" Or false or sooth, thy words of woe,
Clangillian's Chieftain ne'er shall fear;
His blood shall bound at rapture's glow,
Though doom'd to stain the Saxon spear.

" E'en now, to meet me in yon dell,
My Mary's buskins brush the dew."—
He spoke, nor bade the Chief farewell,
But call'd his dogs, and gay withdrew.

Within an hour return'd each hound;
In rush'd the rousers of the deer;
They howl'd in melancholy sound,
Then closely couch beside the Seer.

No Ronald yet; though midnight came,
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As, bending o'er the dying flame,
He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease their moaning howl;
Close press'd to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs, and stifled growl.

Untouch'd, the harp began to ring,
As softly, slowly, oped the door;
And shook responsive every string,
As light a footstep press'd the floor.

And, by the watch-fire's glimmering light,
Close by the Minstrel's side was seen
An huntress maid, in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem;
Chill'd was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As, bending o'er the dying gleam,
She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush she softly said,
" O, gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,
In deep Glenfinlas' moonlight glade,
A lovely maid in vest of green:

" With her a Chief in Highland pride;
His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,
The mountain dirk adorns his side,
Far on the wind his tartans flow?"—

" And who art thou? and who are they?"
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied:
" And why, beneath the moon's pale ray,
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas' side?"

" Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
Our father's towers o'erhang her side,
The castle of the bold Glengyle.

" To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer,
Our woodland course this morn we bore,
And haply met, while wandering here,
The son of great Macgillianore.

" O aid me, then, to seek the pair,
Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost;
Alone, I dare not venture there,
Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost."—

" Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there;
Then, first, my own sad vow to keep,
Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
Which still must rise when mortals sleep."—

" O first, for pity's gentle sake,
Guide a lone wanderer on her way!
For I must cross the haunted brake,
And reach my father's towers ere day."—

" First, three times tell each Ave-bead,
And thrice a Pater-noster say;
Then kiss with me the holy rede:
So shall we safely wind our way."—

" O shame to knighthood, strange and foul!
Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
Which bests befits thy sullen vow.

" Not so, by high Dunlathmon's fire,
Thy heart was froze to love and joy,
When gaily rung thy raptured lyre
To wanton Morna's melting eye."—

Wild stared the Minstrel's eye of flame,
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his colour went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

" And thou! when by the blazing oak
I lay, to her and love resign'd,
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
Or sail'd ye on the midnight wind!

" Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle's pretended line;
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood,
Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine."—

He mutter'd thrice St Oran's rhyme,
And thrice St Fillan's powerful prayer;
Then turn'd him to the eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending o'er his harp, he flung
His wildest witch-notes on the wind;
And loud, and high, and strange, they rung,
As many a magic change they find.

Tall wax'd the Spirit's altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew;
Then, mingling with the rising storm,
With one wild yell, away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear:
The slender hut in fragments flew;
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise;
High o'er the Minstrel's head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell;
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next, dropp'd from high a mangled arm;
The fingers strain'd an half-drawn blade:
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
Stream'd the proud crest of high Benmore;
That arm the broad claymore could wield,
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!
Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen!

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the Chieftain's shield,
No more shall we in safety dwell;
None leads the people to the field—
And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie! O hone a rie!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

NOTES

ON

GLENFINLAS.

Well can the Saxon widows tell.—P. 120. v. 2.

The term Sassenach, or Saxon, is applied by the Highlanders to their Low-country neighbours.

How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane tree.—P. 120. v. 3.

The fires lighted by the Highlanders on the first of May, in compliance with a custom derived from the Pagan times, are termed, *The Beltane Tree.* It is a festival celebrated, with various superstitious rites, both in the north of Scotland and in Wales.

The seer's prophetic spirit found, &c.—P. 121. v. 2.

I can only describe the second sight, by adopting Dr Johnson's definition, who calls it "An impression, either by the "mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which "things distant and future are perceived and seen as if they

" were present." To which I would only add, that the spectral appearances, thus presented, usually presage misfortune; that the faculty is painful to those who suppose they possess it; and that they usually acquire it, while themselves under the pressure of melancholy.

Will good St Oran's rule prevail.—P. 125. v. 1.

St Oran was a friend and follower of St Columba, and was buried in Icolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint were rather dubious. According to the legend, he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain dæmons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel. Columba caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed; when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared, that there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a future state! He had no time to make further discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost dispatch. The chapel, however, and the cemetery, was called *Reilig Ouran;* and, in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions, or be buried, in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.

And thrice St Fillan's powerful prayer.—P. 133. v. 3.

St Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, &c. in Scotland. He was, according to Camerarius, an abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenurchy, A. D. 649.

While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendour, as to afford light to that with which he wrote; a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise. The 9th of January was dedicated to this saint, who give his name to Kilfillan, in Renfrew, and St Phillans, or Forgend, in Fife. Lesley, lib. 7. tells us, that Robert the Bruce was possessed of Fillan's miraculous and luminous arm, which he inclosed in a silver shrine, and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the battle of Bannockburn, the king's chaplain, a man of little faith, abstracted the relique, and deposited it in some place of security, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. But, lo! while Robert was addressing his prayers to the empty casket, it was observed to open and shut suddenly; and, on inspection, the saint was found to have himself deposited his arm in the shrine, as an assurance of victory. Such is the tale of Lesley. But though Bruce little needed that the arm of St Fillan should assist his own, he dedicated to him, in gratitude, a priory at Killin, upon Loch Tay.

In the Scots Magazine for July, 1802, (a national periodical publication, which has lately revived with considerable energy,) there is a copy of a very curious crown-grant, dated 11th July, 1487, by which James III. confirms to Malice Doire, an inhabitant of Strathfillan, in Perthshire, the peaceable exercise and enjoyment of a relique of St Fillan, called the Quegrich, which he, and his predecessors, are said to have possessed since the days of Robert Bruce. As the Quegrich was used to cure

diseases, this document is, probably, the most ancient patent ever granted for a quack medicine. The ingenious correspondent, by whom it is furnished, further observes, that additional particulars, concerning St Fillan, are to be found in *Bellenden's Boece*, Book 4, folio ccxiii, and in *Pennant's Tour in Scotland*, 1772, pp. 11, 15.

THE

EVE OF SAINT JOHN.

Smaylho'me, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandiknow-Crags, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended, on three sides, by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans, or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron grate; the distance between them being nine feet, the

thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho'me Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags, by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called *The Watchfold;* and is said to have been the station of a beacon, in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower.

This ancient fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the author's infancy, and seemed to claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a Border tale. The catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well-known Irish tradition.

THE

EVE OF SAINT JOHN.

The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurr'd his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack* was braced, and his helmet was laced,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;

* The plate-jack is coat-armour; the vaunt-brace, or wam-brace, armour for the body; the sperthe, a battle-axe.

At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days space,
And his looks were sad and sour;
And weary was his courser's pace,
As he reach'd his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor*
Ran red with English blood;
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hack'd and hew'd,
His acton pierced and tore;
His axe and his dagger with blood embrued,
But it was not English gore.

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* See an account of the battle of Ancram Moor, subjoined to the ballad.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,
His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-page;
Come hither to my knee;
Though thou art young, and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,
And look thou tell me true!
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,
What did thy lady do?"

"My lady, each night, sought the lonely light,
That burns on the wild Watchfold;
For, from height to height, the beacons bright
Of the English foemen told.

" The bittern clamour'd from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill ;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,
To the eiry Beacon hill.

" I watch'd her steps, and silent came
Where she sat her on a stone ;
No watchman stood by the dreary flame ;
It burned all alone.

" The second night I kept her in sight,
Till to the fire she came,
And, by Mary's might ! an armed Knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

" And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there ;
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

" The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain blast was still,
As again I watch'd the secret pair,
On the lonesome Beacon hill.

" And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name this holy eve;
And say, ' Come this night to thy lady's bower;
' Ask no bold Baron's leave.

' He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch;
' His lady is all alone;
' The door she'll undo to her knight so true,
" On the eve of good Saint John.'

' I cannot come; I must not come;
' I dare not come to thee;
' On the eve of Saint John I must wander alone—
' In thy bower I may not be.'

'Now, out on thee, faint-hearted knight!
'Thou should'st not say me nay;
'For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet,
'Is worth the whole summer's day.

'And I'll chain the blood-hound, and the warder shall not sound,
'And rushes shall be strew'd on the stair;
'So, by the black rood-stone,* and by holy St John,
'I conjure thee, my love, to be there!'

'Though the blood-hound be mute, and the rush beneath my foot,
'And the warder his bugle should not blow,
'Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,
'And my foot-step he would know.'

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* The black rood of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble, and of superior sanctity.

'O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east!
'For to Dryburgh * the way he has ta'en;
'And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
'For the soul of a knight that is slayne.'

"He turn'd him round, and grimly he frown'd;
Then he laugh'd right scornfully—
'He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that knight,
'May as well say mass for me.

'At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits have power,
'In thy chamber will I be.'—
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
And no more did I see."—

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* Dryburgh Abbey is beautifully situated on the banks of the Tweed. After its dissolution, it became the property of the Halliburtons of Newmains, and is now the seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Buchan. It belonged to the order of Premonstratenses.

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high;
"Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die!"—

"His arms shone full bright in the beacon's red light,
His plume it was scarlet and blue;
On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew."—

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould,
All under the Eildon-tree."—*

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;

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* Eildon is a high hill, terminating in three conical summits, immediately above the town of Melrose, where are the admired ruins of a magnificent monastery. Eildon-tree is said to be the spot where Thomas the Rymer uttered his prophecies.

And that lady bright, she called the knight,
Sir Richard of Coldinghame."—

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale—
"The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse is
stiff and stark—
So I may not trust thy tale.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain.

"The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drown'd the name;
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks
do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!"—

He pass'd the court-gate, and he oped the tower
grate,
And he mounted the narrow stair,
To the bartizan-seat, where, with maids that on her
wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;
Look'd over hill and dale;
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's* wood,
And all down Tiviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!"
"Now hail, thou Baron true!
What news, what news, from Ancram fight?
What news from the bold Buccleuch?"

"The Ancram Moor is red with gore,
For many a southern fell;

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* Mertoun is the beautiful seat of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden

And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore,
To watch our beacons well."—

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said;
Nor added the Baron a word:
Then she stepp'd down the stair to her chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn d, and the Baron toss'd and turn'd,
And oft to himself he said—
"The worms around him creep, and his bloody grave is deep....
It cannot give up the dead —

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
The night was well nigh done,
When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,
On the eve of good St John.

The lady look'd through the chamber fair,
By the light of a dying flame;
And she was aware of a knight stood there—
Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

"Alas! away, away!" she cried,
"For the holy Virgin's sake!"—
"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;
But, lady, he will not awake.

"By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain;
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

"By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,
Most foully slain I fell;
And my restless sprite, on the Beacon's height,
For a space is doom'd to dwell.

"At our trysting-place,* for a certain space,
I must wander to and fro;
But I had not had power to come to thy bower,
Had'st thou not conjured me so."—

Love master'd fear—her brow she cross'd;
"How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost?"—
The Vision shook his head!

"Who spilleth life, shall forfeit life;
So bid thy lord believe:
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive."—

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam;
His right upon her hand:
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
For it scorch'd like a fiery brand.

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* *Trysting-place*—Place of rendezvous.

The sable score, of fingers four,
Remains on that board impress'd;
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

There is a Nun in Dryburgh bower
Ne'er looks upon the sun:
There is a Monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

That Nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
That Monk, who speaks to none,
That Nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,
That Monk the bold Baron.

NOTES

ON

THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN.

BATTLE OF ANCRAM MOOR.

Lord Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, during the year 1544 committed the most dreadful ravages upon the Scottish frontiers, compelling most of the inhabitants, and especially the men of Liddesdale, to take assurance under the King of England. Upon the 17th November, in that year, the sum total of their depredations stood thus, in the bloody ledger of Lord Evers.

Towns, towers, barnekynes, paryshe churches, bastill houses, burned and destroyed . .	192
Scots slain	403
Prisoners taken	816
Nolt (cattle)	10,386
Shepe	12,492
Nags and geldings	1,296
Gayt	200
Bolls of corn	850

Insight gear, &c. (furniture) an incalculable quantity.

MURDIN'S *State Papers*, vol. I. p. 51.

The King of England had promised to those two barons a feudal grant of the country, which they had thus reduced to a desert; upon hearing which, Archibald Douglas, the seventh Earl of Angus, is said to have sworn to write the deed of investiture upon their skins, with sharp pens and bloody ink, in resentment for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors, at Melrose.—*Godscroft.* In 1545, Lord Evers and Latoun again entered Scotland with an army, consisting of 3000 mercenaries, 1500 English Borderers, and 700 assured Scottishmen, chiefly Armstrongs, Turnbulls, and other broken clans. In this second incursion, the English generals even exceeded their former cruelty. Evers burned the tower of Broomhouse, with its lady (a noble and aged woman, says Lesley,) and her whole family. The English penetrated as far as Melrose, which they had destroyed last year, and which they now again pillaged. As they returned towards Jedburgh, they were followed by Angus, at the head of 1000 horse, who was shortly after joined by the famous Norman Lesley, with a body of Fife-men. The English, being probably unwilling to cross the Teviot while the Scots hung upon their rear, halted upon Ancram Moor, above the village of that name; and the Scottish general was deliberating whether to advance or retire, when Sir Walter Scott* of Buccleuch came up, at full

* The editor has found in no instance upon record, of this family having taken assurance with England. Hence they usually suffered dreadfully from the English forays. In August, 1544, (the year preceding the battle) the whole lands belonging to Buccleuch, in West Teviotdale, were harried by Evers; the out-works, or barmkin, of the tower of Branxholm,

speed, with a small but chosen body of his retainers, the rest of whom were near at hand. By the advice of this experienced warrior, (to whose conduct Pitscottie and Buchanan ascribe the success of the engagement,) Angus withdrew from the height which he occupied, and drew up his forces behind it, upon a piece of low flat ground, called Panier-heugh, or Peniel-heugh. The spare horses, being sent to an eminence in their rear, appeared to the English to be the main body of the Scots, in the act of flight. Under this persuasion, Evers and Latoun hurried precipitately forward, and, having ascended the hill, which their foes had abandoned, were no less dismayed, than astonished, to find the phalanx of Scottish spearmen drawn up, in firm array, upon the flat ground below. The Scots in their turn became the assailants. A heron, roused from the marshes by the tumult, soared away betwixt the encountering armies: "O!" exclaimed Angus, "that I had "here my white goss hawk, that we might all yoke at once!" —*Godscroft.* The English, breathless and fatigued, having the setting sun and wind full in their faces, were unable to withstand the resolute and desperate charge of the Scottish lances. No sooner had they begun to waver, than their own allies the assured Borderers, who had been waiting the event, threw

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burnt; eight Scotts slain, thirty made prisoners, and an immense prey of horses, cattle, and sheep, carried off. The lands upon Kale water, belonging to the same chieftain, were also plundered, and much spoil obtained; 30 Scotts slain, and the Moss Tower (a fortress near Eckford) *smoked very sore.* Thus Buccleuch had a long account to settle at Ancram Moor. *Murdin's State Papers,* pp. 45, 46.

aside their red crosses, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among the English fugitives, the pursuers calling upon each other to "remember Broomhouse!"—*Lesley*, p. 478. In the battle fell Lord Evers, and his son, together with Sir Brian Latoun, and 800 Englishmen, many of whom were persons of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a patriotic alderman of London, Read by name, who, having contumaciously refused to pay his portion of a benevolence, demanded from the city by Henry VIII., was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at settling his ransom, he found still more exorbitant in their exactions than the monarch.—REDPATH'S *Border History*, p. 553. Evers was much regretted by King Henry, who swore to avenge his death upon Angus, against whom he conceived himself to have particular grounds of resentment, on account of favours received by the earl at his hands. The answer of Angus was worthy of a Douglas. "Is our brother-in-law of-"fended," * said he, "that I, as a good Scotsman, have avenged "my ravaged country, and the defaced tombs of my ances-"tors, upon Ralph Evers? They were better men than he, "and I was bound to do no less—and will he take my life "for that? Little knows King Henry the skirts of Kirne-"table:† I can keep myself there against all his English host."—*Godscroft.*

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* Angus had married the widow of James IV., sister to King Henry VIII.

† Kirnetable, now called Cairntable, is a mountainous tract at the head of Douglasdale.

Such was the noted battle of Ancram Moor. The spot, on which it was fought, is called Lyliard's Edge, from an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who is reported, by tradition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as squire Witherington. The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run thus:

Fair maiden Lylliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but great was her fame;
Upon the English louns she laid mony thumps,
And when her legs were cutted off, she fought upon her stumps.
Vide Account of the Parish of Melrose.

It appears, from a passage in Stowe, that an ancestor of Lord Evers held also a grant of Scottish lands from an English monarch. "I have seen," says the historian, "under the broad "seale of the said King Edward I., a manor called Ketnes, in "the countie of Ferfare, in Scotland, and heere the furthest "part of the same nation northward, given to John Eure and "his heires, ancestor to the lord Eure that now is, and for his "service done in these partes, with market, &c. dated at Laner-"cost, the 20th day of October, anno regis, 34."—STOWE'S *Annals*, p. 210. This grant, like that of Henry, must have been dangerous to the receiver.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower.—P. 156. v. 2.

The circumstance of the nun, "who never saw the day," is

not entirely imaginary. About fifty years ago, an unfortunate female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault, among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable habitation, and went to the house of Mr Halliburton of Newmains, the editor's great-grandfather, or to that of Mr Erskine of Shielfield, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. From their charity she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed upon to accept. At twelve, each night, she lighted her candle, and returned to her vault; assuring her friendly neighbours that, during her absence, her habitation was arranged by a spirit, to whom she gave the uncouth name of *Fatlips*; describing him as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault, to dispel the damps. This circumstance caused her to be regarded, by the well informed, with compassion, as deranged in her understanding; and by the vulgar, with some degree of terror. The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occasioned by a vow, that, during the absence of a man, to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745-6, and she never more would behold the light of day.

The vault, or rather dungeon, in which this unfortunate woman lived and died, passes still by the name of the supernatural being, with which its gloom was tenanted by her disturbed imagination, and few of the neighbouring peasants dare enter it by night.

CADYOW CASTLE.

THE ruins of Cadyow, or Cadzow castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, about two miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the conclusion of the civil wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose cause the house of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occasioned their temporary obscurity, and, very nearly, their total ruin. The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate vicinity of Cadyow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which anciently ex-

tended through the south of Scotland, from the eastern to the Atlantic Ocean. Some of these trees measure twenty-five feet, and upwards, in circumference; and the state of decay, in which they now appear, shews, that they may have witnessed the rites of the Druids. The whole scenery is included in the magnificent and extensive park of the Duke of Hamilton. There was long preserved in this forest the breed of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated, about forty years ago. Their appearance was beautiful, being milk-white, with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described by ancient authors, as having white manes; but those of latter days had lost that peculiarity, perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed.*

In detailing the death of the Regent Murray, which is made the subject of the following ballad, it would be injustice to my reader to use other words than those of Dr Robertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful piece of historical painting.

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* They were formerly kept in the park at Drumlanrig, and are still to be seen at Chillingham Castle in Northumberland. For their nature and ferocity, see Notes.

"Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was the person who "committed this barbarous action. He had been con- "demned to death soon after the battle of Langside, as "we have already related, and owed his life to the re- "gent's clemency. But part of his estate had been be- "stowed upon one of the regent's favourites, * who "seized his house, and turned out his wife, naked, in "a cold night, into the open fields, where, before next "morning, she became furiously mad. This injury "made a deeper impression on him than the benefit he "had received, and from that moment he vowed to be "revenged of the regent. Party rage strengthened and "inflamed his private resentment. His kinsmen, the "Hamiltons, applauded the enterprize. The maxims of "that age justified the most desperate course he could "take to obtain vengeance. He followed the regent "for some time, and watched for an opportunity to "strike the blow. He resolved, at last, to wait till his "enemy should arrive at Linlithgow, through which "he was to pass, in his way from Stirling to Edin-

* This was Sir James Ballenden, Lord-justice-clerk, whose shameful and inhuman rapacity occasioned the catastrophe in the text.—*Spottiswoode.*

" burgh. He took his stand in a wooden gallery,* " which had a window towards the street; spread a " feather-bed on the floor, to hinder the noise of his " feet from being heard; hung up a black cloth behind " him, that his shadow might not be observed from " without; and, after all this preparation, calmly ex- " pected the regent's approach, who had lodged, du- " ring the night, in a house not far distant. Some in- " distinct information of the danger which threatened " him had been conveyed to the regent, and he paid so " much regard to it, that he resolved to return by the " same gate through which he had entered, and to fetch " a compass round the town. But, as the crowd about " the gate was great, and he himself unacquainted with " fear, he proceeded directly along the street; and the " throng of people obliging him to move very slowly, " gave the assassin time to take so true an aim, that he " shot him, with a single bullet, through the lower part

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* This projecting gallery is still shewn. The house, to which it was attached, was the property of the Archbishop of St Andrews, a natural brother of the Duke of Chatelherault, and uncle to Bothwellhaugh. This, among many other circumstances, seems to evince the aid which Bothwellhaugh received from his clan in effecting his purpose.

" of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman, who " rode on his other side. His followers instantly endea- " voured to break into the house, whence the blow had " come; but they found the door strongly barricaded, " and, before it could be forced open, Hamilton had " mounted a fleet horse,* which stood ready for him at " a back-passage, and was got far beyond their reach. " The regent died the same night of his wound."—*History of Scotland*, book v.

Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph; for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Murray's army, were yet smoking; and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enormity of the provocation, seemed to his kinsmen to justify his deed. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded, that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate Gaspar de Coligni, the famous admiral of France, and

* The gift of Lord John Hamilton, commendator of Arbroath.

the buckler of the Huguenot cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland, to commit murders in France; he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would neither, for price nor prayer, avenge that of another man.—*Thuanus*, cap. 46.

The regent's death happened 23d January, 1569. It is applauded, or stigmatized, by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triumph of Blackwood is unbounded. He not only extols the pious feat of Bothwellhaugh, "who," he observes, "satisfied, with a single ounce of lead, "him, whose sacrilegious avarice had stript the me-"tropolitan church of St Andrews of its covering;" but he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the escape of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity.—*Jebb*, vol. II. p. 263. With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection; for, when Mather urged Berney to assassinate Burleigh and quoted the examples of Poltrot and Bothwellhaugh the other conspirator answered, "that neyther Poltro

"nor Hambleton did attempt their enterpryse, without "some reason or consideration to lead them to it: as "the one, by hire, and promise of preferment or re- "warde; the other, upon desperate mind of revenge, "for a lytle wrong done unto him, as the report goethe, "accordinge to the vyle trayterous dysposysyon of the "hoole natyon of the Scottes."—MURDIN's *State Papers*, vol. I. p. 197.

CADYOW CASTLE.

ADDRESSED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

When princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flow'd,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
As mirth and music cheer'd the hall.

But Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid,
And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still, of Cadyow's faded fame,
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp, of Border frame,
On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid! at thy command,
Again the crumbled halls shall rise;
Lo! as on Evan's banks we stand,
The past returns—the present flies.—

Where with the rock's wood-cover'd side
Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
And feudal banners flaunt between:

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shagg'd with thorn and tangling sloe,
The ashler buttress braves its force,
And ramparts frown in battled row.

'Tis night—the shade of keep and spire
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream,
And on the wave the warder's fire
Is chequering the moon-light beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is grey;
The weary warder leaves his tower;
Steeds snort; uncoupled stag-hounds bay,
And merry hunters quit the bower.

The draw-bridge falls—they hurry out—
Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial route
Urge the shy steed, and slack the rein.

First of his troop, the Chief rode on;
His shouting merry-men throng behind;
The steed of princely Hamilton
Was fleeter than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roe-bucks bound,
The startling red-deer scuds the plain;
For the hoarse bugle's warrior sound
Has roused their mountain haunts again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale,
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chace,
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.

Fierce, on the hunter's quiver'd band,
He rolls his eye of swarthy glow,
Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aim'd well, the Chieftain's lance has flown;
Struggling in blood the savage lies;
His roar is sunk in hollow groan—
Sound, merry huntsmen! sound the *pryse!**

'Tis noon—against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeomen dight the woodland cheer.

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* *Pryse*—The note blown at the death of the game.

Proudly the Chieftain mark'd his clan,
  On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man,
  That bore the name of Hamilton.

" Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
  Still wont our weal and woe to share?
Why comes he not our sport to grace?
  Why shares he not our hunter's fare?"—

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face,
  (Grey Pasley's haughty lord was he)
" At merry feast, or buxom chace,
  No more the warrior shalt thou see.

" Few suns have set, since Woodhouselee
  Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
When to his hearths, in social glee,
  The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

" There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

" O change accursed! past are those days;
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

" What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Eske through woodland flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
Oh is it she, the pallid rose?

" The wilder'd traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe—
' Revenge,' she cries, ' on Murray's pride!
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!' "—

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling Chief,
And half unsheathed his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream, and rock,
Rides headlong, with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed;

Whose cheek is pale, whose eye-balls glare,
As one, some vision'd sight that saw,
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?—
—'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh!

From gory selle,* and reeling steed,
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dash'd his carbine on the ground.

* *Selle*—Saddle. A word used by Spenser, and other ancient authors.

Sternly he spoke—" 'Tis sweet to hear,
In good greenwood, the bugle blown;
But sweeter to Revenge's ear,
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

" Your slaughter'd quarry proudly trode,
At dawning morn, o'er dale and down,
But prouder base-born Murray rode
Through old Linlithgow's crowded town.

" From the wild Border's humbled side,
In haughty triumph marched he,
While Knox relax'd his bigot pride,
And smiled, the traitorous pomp to see.

" But, can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of Despair?

" With hackbut bent,* my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And mark'd, where, mingling in his band,
Troop'd Scottish pikes and English bows.

" Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van;
And clash'd their broad-swords in the rear,
The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.

" Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
Obsequious at their Regent's rein,
And hagard Lindsay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

" Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.

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* *Hackbut bent*—Gun cocked.

" From the raised vizor's shade, his eye,
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

" But yet his sadden'd brow confess'd
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,
' Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh !'

" The death-shot parts—the charger springs—
Wild rises tumult's startling roar !—
And Murray's plumy helmet rings—
—Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

" What joy the raptured youth can feel,
To hear her love the loved one tell,
Or he, who broaches on his steel
The wolf, by whom his infant fell !

" But dearer to my injured eye,
To see in dust proud Murray roll;
And mine was ten times trebled joy,
To hear him groan his felon soul.

" My Margaret's spectre glided near;
With pride her bleeding victim saw;
And shriek'd in his death-deafen'd ear,
' Remember injured Bothwellhaugh!'

" Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault!
Spread to the wind thy banner'd tree!
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow!—
Murray is fall'n, and Scotland free!"—

Vaults every warrior to his steed;
Loud bugles join their wild acclaim—
" Murray is fall'n, and Scotland freed!
Couch, Arran! couch thy spear of flame!"—

But, see! the Minstrel vision fails—
The glimmering spears are seen no more;
The shouts of war die on the gales,
Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The banner'd towers of Evandale.

For Chiefs intent on bloody deed,
And Vengeance shouting o'er the slain,
Lo! highborn Beauty rules the steed,
Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own
The maids, who list the Minstrel's tale;
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known
On the fair banks of Evandale!

NOTES

ON

CADYOW CASTLE.

First of his troop, the Chief rode on.—P. 173. v. 2.

The head of the family of Hamilton, at this period, was James, Earl of Arran, Duke of Chatelherault in France, and first peer of the Scottish realm. In 1569, he was appointed by Queen Mary, her lieutenant-general in Scotland, under the singular title of her adopted father.

The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.—P. 174. v. 1.

In Caledonia olim frequens erat sylvestris quidam bos, nunc vero rarior, qui colore candidissimo, jubam densam et demissam instar leonis gestat, truculentus ac ferus ab humano genere abhorrens, ut quæcunque homines vel manibus contrectarint, vel halitu perflaverunt, ab iis multos post dies omnino abstinuerint. Ad hoc tanta audacia huic bovi indita erat, ut non solum irritatus equites furenter prosterneret, sed ne tantillum lacessitus omnes promiscue homines cornibus, ac ungulis peterit; ac canum, qui apud nos ferocissimi sunt, impetus plane contemnerit.

Ejus carnes cartilaginosæ sed saporis suavissimi. Erat is olim per illam vastissimam Caledoniæ sylvam frequens, sed humana ingluvie jam assumptus tribus tantum locis est reliquus, Strivilingii, Cumbernaldiæ, et Kincarniæ.—Leslæus, Scotiæ Descriptio, p. 13.

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face,
(Grey Pasley's haughty lord was he.)—P. 175. v. 3.

Lord Claud Hamilton, second son of the Duke of Chatelherault, and commendator of the abbey of Paisley, acted a distinguished part during the troubles of Queen Mary's reign, and remained unalterably attached to the cause of that unfortunate princess. He led the van of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling, which had so nearly given complete success to the queen's faction. He was ancestor to the present Marquis of Abercorn.

Few suns have set, since Woodhouselee.—P. 175. v. 4.

This barony, stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchendinny, belonged to Bothwellhaugh, in right of his wife. The ruins of the mansion, from whence she was expelled in the brutal manner which occasioned her death, are still to be seen, in a hollow glen beside the river. Popular report tenants them with the restless ghost of the Lady Bothwellhaugh; whom, however, it confounds with Lady Anne Bothwell, whose *Lament* is so popular. This spectre is so tenacious of her rights, that, a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has

deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also; and, even of very late years, has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the *rights of ghosts*, as the present Woodhouselee, which gives his title to the honourable Alexander Fraser Tytler, a senator of the College of Justice, is situated on the slope of the Pentland hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. She always appears in white, and with a child in her arms.

Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed.—P. 177. v. 3.

Birrel informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, being closely pursued, "after that spur and wand had failed him, he drew forth his "dagger, and strocke his horse behind, whilk caused the horse "to leap a very brode stank, (*i. e.* ditch,) by whilk means he "escapit, and gat away from all the rest of the horses."—*Birrell's Diary*, p. 18.

From the wild Border's humbled side,
In haughty triumph marched he.—P. 178. v. 3.

Murray's death took place shortly after an expedition to the Borders; which is thus commemorated by the author of his elegy:—

"So having stablischt all thing in this sort,
"To Liddisdaill again he did resort,
"Throw Ewisdail, Eskdail, and all the daills rode he,
"And also lay three nights in Cannabie,

" Whair na prince lay thir hundred yeiris before,
" Nae thief durst stir, they did him feir so sair;
" And, that they suld na mair thair thift alledge,
" Threescore and twelf he brocht of thame in pledge,
" Syne wardit thame, whilk made the rest keep ordour,
" Than mycht the rasch-bus keep ky on the Bordour."
Scottish Poems, 16*th century*, p. 232.

With hackbut bent, my secret stand.—P. 179. v. 1.

The carabine, with which the regent was shot, is preserved at Hamilton palace. It is a brass piece, of a middling length, very small in the bore, and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a matchlock, for which a modern fire-lock has been injudiciously substituted.

Dark Morton, girt with many a spear.—P. 179. v. 2.

Of this noted person it is enough to say, that he was active in the murder of David Rizzio, and at least privy to that of Darnley.

The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.—P. 179. v. 2.

This clan of Lennox Highlanders were attached to the regent Murray. Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Langsyde, says, " In this batayle the valiancie of an hieland gentleman, " named Macfarlane, stood the regent's part in great steede; " for, in the hottest brunte of the fighte, he came up with two " hundred of his friendes and countrymen, and so manfully

"gave in upon the flankes of the queen's people, that he was "a great cause of the disordering of them. This Macfarlane "had been lately before, as I have heard, condemned to die, "for some outrage by him committed, and obtayning pardon "through suyte of the Countess of Murray, he recompenced "that clemencie by this peice of service now at this batayle." Calderwood's account is less favourable to the Macfarlanes. He states, that "Macfarlane, with his Highlandmen, fled from "the wing where they were set. The Lord Lindsay, who stood "nearest to them in the regent's battle, said, 'Let them go! I "shall fill their place better;' and so stepping forward with "a company of fresh men, charged the enemy, whose spears "were now spent, with long weapons, so that they were "driven back by force, being before almost overthrown by the "avant-guard and harquebusiers, and so were turned to flight." —*Calderwood's MS. apud Keith*, p. 480. Melville mentions the flight of the vanguard, but states it to have been commanded by Morton, and composed chiefly of commoners of the barony of Renfrew.

Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
Obsequious at their regent's rein.—P. 179. v. 3.

The Earl of Glencairn was a steady adherent of the regent. George Douglas of Parkhead was a natural brother of the Earl of Morton; his horse was killed by the same ball by which Murray fell.

And hagard Lindsay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.—P. 179. v. 3.

Lord Lindsay, of the Byres, was the most ferocious and brutal of the regent's faction; and, as such, was employed to extort Mary's signature to the deed of resignation, presented to her in Lochlevin castle. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigour; and it is even said, that when the weeping captive, in the act of signing, averted her eyes from the fatal deed, he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove.

Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.—P. 179. v. 4.

Richard Bannatyne mentions in his journal, that John Knox repeatedly warned Murray to avoid Linlithgow.

Not only had the regent notice of the intended attempt upon his life, but even of the very house from which it was threatened.—With that infatuation, at which men wonder after such events have happened, he deemed it would be a sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous spot. But even this was prevented by the crowd: so that Bothwellhaugh had time to take a deliberate aim.—*Spottiswood*, p. 233. *Buchanan.*

THE

GREY BROTHER.

A FRAGMENT.

THE imperfect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a circumstance affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest, which is often found to arise from ungratified curiosity. On the contrary, it was the author's intention to have completed the tale, if he had found himself able to succeed to his own satisfaction. Yielding to the opinion of persons, whose judgment, if not biassed by the partiality of friendship, is entitled to deference, the author has preferred inserting these verses, as a fragment, to his intention of entirely suppressing them.

The tradition, upon which the tale is founded, regards a house, upon the barony of Gilmerton, near Lasswade, in Mid Lothian. This building, now called Gilmerton-Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the follow-

ing tragic adventure. The Barony of Gilmerton belonged of yore to a gentleman, named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the abbot of Newbattle, a richly endowed abbey, upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned, also, that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at this house, of Gilmerton-Grange or Burndale. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Chusing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its inmates.*

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* This tradition was communicated to me by John Clerk, Esq. of Eldin, author of an *Essay upon Naval Tactics;* who will be remembered by posterity, as having taught the Genius of Britain to concentrate her thunders, and to launch them against her foes with an unerring aim.

The scene, with which the ballad opens, was suggested by the following curious passage, extracted from the Life of Alexander Peden, one of the wandering and persecuted teachers of the sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II. and his successor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and perhaps really believed himself, to be possessed of supernatural gifts; for the wild scenes, which they frequented, and the constant dangers, which were incurred through their proscription, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in that age.

"About the same time he (Peden) came to Andrew "Normand's house, in the parish of Alloway, in the shire "of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. After "he came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a chair-"back, with his face covered; when he lifted up his "head, he said, 'There are in this house that I have "not one word of salvation unto;' he halted a little "again saying, 'This is strange, that the devil will not "go out, that we may begin our work!' Then there "was a woman went out, ill-looked upon almost all "her life, and to her dying hour, for a witch, with "many presumptions of the same. It escaped me, in "the former passages, that John Muirhead (whom I

" have often mentioned) told me, that when he came " from Ireland to Galloway, he was at family-worship, " and giving some notes upon the Scripture, when a " very ill-looking man came, and sate down within the " door, at the back of the *hallan* (partition of the cot- " tage): immediately he halted, and said, ' There is " some unhappy body just now come into this house. I " charge him to go out, and not stop my mouth !' The " person went out, and he *insisted* (went on), yet he " saw him neither come in nor go out."—*The Life and Prophecies of Mr Alexander Peden, late Minister of the Gospel at New Glenluce, in Galloway*, part ii. § 26.

THE

GREY BROTHER.

THE Pope he was saying the high, high mass,
All on Saint Peter's day,
With the power to him given, by the saints in heaven,
To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed mass,
And the people kneel'd around;
And from each man's soul his sins did pass,
As he kiss'd the holy ground.

And all, among the crowded throng,
Was still, both limb and tongue,
While through vaulted roof, and aisles aloof,
The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word he quiver'd for fear,
And faulter'd in the sound—
And, when he would the chalice rear,
He dropp'd it on the ground.

"The breath of one, of evil deed,
Pollutes our sacred day;
He has no portion in our creed,
No part in what I say.

"A being, whom no blessed word
To ghostly peace can bring;
A wretch, at whose approach abhorr'd,
Recoils each holy thing.

" Up, up, unhappy! haste, arise!
My adjuration fear!
I charge thee not to stop my voice,
Nor longer tarry here!"—

Amid them all a Pilgrim kneel'd,
In gown of sackcloth gray;
Far journeying from his native field,
He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights so drear,
I ween, he had not spoke,
And, save with bread and water clear,
His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock,
Seem'd none more bent to pray;
But, when the Holy Father spoke,
He rose, and went his way.

Again unto his native land
His weary course he drew,
To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,
And Pentland's mountains blue.

His unblest feet his native seat,
Mid Eske's fair woods, regain;
Through woods more fair no stream more sweet
Rolls to the eastern main.

And lords to meet the Pilgrim came,
And vassals bent the knee;
For all mid Scotland's chiefs of fame,
Was none more famed than he.

And boldly for his country still,
In battle he had stood,
Ay, even when, on the banks of Till,
Her noblest pour'd their blood.

Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet!
By Eske's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day;
There Beauty, led by timid Love,
May shun the tell-tale ray;

From that fair dome, where suit is paid,
By blast of bugle free,
To Auchendinny's hazel glade,
And haunted Woodhouselee.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden?

Yet never a path, from day to day,
The Pilgrim's footsteps range,
Save but the solitary way
To Burndale's ruin'd Grange.

A woeful place was that, I ween,
As sorrow could desire;
For, nodding to the fall was each crumbling wall,
And the roof was scathed with fire.

It fell upon a summer's eve,
While, on Carnethy's head,
The last faint gleams of the sun's low beams
Had streak'd the grey with red;

And the convent bell did vespers tell,
Newbattle's oaks among,
And mingled with the solemn knell
Our Ladye's evening song;

The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,
Came slowly down the wind,
And on the Pilgrim's ear they fell,
As his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was,
Nor ever raised his eye,
Until he came to that dreary place,
Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls so scathed with fire,
With many a bitter groan—
And there was aware of a Grey Friar,
Resting him on a stone.

"Now, Christ thee save!" said the Grey Brother;
"Some pilgrim thou seem'st to be."
But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze,
Nor answer again made he.

" O come ye from east, or come ye from west,
Or bring reliques from over the sea,
Or come ye from the shrine of Saint James the divine,
Or Saint John of Beverley?"—

" I come not from the shrine of Saint James the divine,
Nor bring reliques from over the sea;
I bring but a curse from our father, the Pope,
Which for ever will cling to me."—

" Now, woeful Pilgrim, say not so!
But kneel thee down by me,
And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly sin.
That absolved thou may'st be."—

" And who art thou, thou Grey Brother,
That I should shrive to thee,

When he, to whom are given the keys of earth and
heaven,
Has no power to pardon me?"—

'O I am sent from a distant clime,
Five thousand miles away,
And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,
Done *here* 'twixt night and day."——

The Pilgrim kneel'd him on the sand,
And thus began his saye—
When on his neck an ice-cold hand
Did that Grey Brother laye.

* * * * * * *

NOTES

ON

THE GREY BROTHER.

From that fair dome, where suit is paid
By blast of bugle free.—P. 197. v. 3.

The barony of Pennicuik, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart., is held by a singular tenure; the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment, called the Buckstane, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the king shall come to hunt on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence, the family have adopted, as their crest, a demi-forester proper, winding a horn, with the motto, *Free for a Blast.* The beautiful mansion-house of Pennicuik is much admired, both on account of the architecture and surrounding scenery.

To Auchendinny's hazel glade.—P. 197. v. 3.

Auchendinny, situated upon the Eske, below Pennicuik, the present residence of the ingenious H. Mackenzie, Esq. author of *The Man of Feeling*, &c.

And haunted Woodhouselee.—P. 197. v. 3.

For the traditions connected with this ruinous mansion, see the ballad of *Cadyow Castle*, p. 184.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove.—P. 197. v. 4.

Melville Castle, the seat of the Honourable Robert Dundas, member for the county of Mid-Lothian, is delightfully situated upon the Eske, near Laswade. It gives the title of viscount to his father, Lord Melville.

And Roslin's rocky glen.—P. 197. v. 4.

The ruins of Roslin Castle, the baronial residence of the ancient family of St Clair. The Gothic Chapel, which is still in beautiful preservation, with the romantic and woody dell in which they are situated, belong to the right honourable the Earl of Rosslyn, the representative of the former lords of Roslin.

Dalkeith, which all the virtues love.—P. 197. v. 4.

The village and castle of Dalkeith belonged, of old, to the famous Earl of Morton, but is now the residence of the noble family of Buccleuch. The park extends along the Eske, which is there joined by its sister stream of the same name.

And classic Hawthornden.—P. 197. v. 4.

Hawthornden, the residence of the poet Drummond. A house of more modern date is enclosed, as it were, by the ruins of the ancient castle, and overhangs a tremendous precipice.

upon the banks of the Eske, perforated by winding caves, which, in former times, formed a refuge to the oppressed patriots of Scotland. Here Drummond received Ben Jonson, who journeyed from London, on foot, in order to visit him. The beauty of this striking scene has been much injured, of late years, by the indiscriminate use of the axe. The traveller now looks in vain for the leafy bower,

"Where Jonson sate in Drummond's social shade."

Upon the whole, tracing the Eske from its source, till it joins the sea, at Musselburgh, no stream in Scotland can boast such a varied succession of the most interesting objects, as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART FIRST.

FEW personages are so renowned in tradition as Thomas of Erceldoune, known by the appellation of *The Rhymer*. Uniting, or supposed to unite, in his person, the powers of poetical composition, and of vaticination, his memory, even after the lapse of five hundred years, is regarded with veneration by his countrymen. To give anything like a certain history of this remarkable man, would be indeed difficult; but the curious may derive some satisfaction from the particulars here brought together.

It is agreed, on all hands, that the residence, and probably the birth place, of this ancient bard, was Erceldoune, a village situated upon the Leader, two miles

above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer's castle. The uniform tradition bears, that his sirname was Lermont, or Learmont; and that the appellation of *The Rhymer* was conferred on him in consequence of his poetical compositions. There remains, nevertheless, some doubt upon this subject. In a charter which is subjoined at length,* the son of our poet designs himself, " Tho-

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* *From the Chartulary of the Trinity House of Soltra, Advocates' Library*, W. 4. 14.

ERSYLTON.

Omnibus has literas visuris vel audituris Thomas de Ercildoun filius et heres Thomæ Rymour de Ercildoun salutem in Domino. Noverıtis me per fustem et baculem in pleno judicio resignasse ac per presentes quietem clamasse pro me et heredibus meis Magistro domus Sanctæ Trinitatis de Soltre et fratribus ejusdem domus totum terram meam cum omnibus pertinentibus suis quam in tenemento de Ercildoun hereditarie tenui renunciando de toto pro me et heredibus meis omni jure et clameo que ego seu antecessores mei in eadem terra alioque tempore de perpetuo habuimus sive de futuro habere possumus. In cujus rei testimonio presentibus his sigillum meum apposui data apud Ercildoun die Martis proximo post festum Sanctorum Apostolorum Symonis et Jude Anno Domini Millessimo cc. Nonagesimò Nono.

" mas of Ercildoun, son and heir of Thomas Rymour " of Ercildoun," which seems to imply, that the father did not bear the hereditary name of Learmont; or, at least, was better known and distinguished by the epithet, which he had acquired by his personal accomplishments. I must, however, remark, that, down to a very late period, the practice of distinguishing the parties, even in formal writings, by the epithets which had been bestowed on them from personal circumstances, instead of the proper sirnames of their families, was common, and indeed necessary, among the Border clans. So early as the end of the thirteenth century, when sirnames were hardly introduced in Scotland, this custom must have been universal. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in supposing our poet's name to have been actually Learmont, although, in this charter, he is distinguished by the popular appellation of *The Rhymer*.

We are better able to ascertain the period at which Thomas of Ercildoune lived; being the latter end of the thirteenth century. I am inclined to place his death a little farther back than Mr Pinkerton, who supposes that he was alive in 1300 (*List of Scottish Poets*); which is hardly, I think, consistent with the charter already quoted, by which his son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs,

conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltre, the tenement which he possessed by inheritance (*hereditarie*) in Ercildoun, with all claim which he, or his predecessors, could pretend thereto. From this we may infer, that the Rhymer was now dead; since we find his son disposing of the family property. Still, however, the argument of the learned historian will remain unimpeached, as to the time of the poet's birth. For if, as we learn from Barbour, his prophecies were held in reputation as early as 1306, when Bruce slew the Red Cummin, the sanctity, and (let me add to Mr Pinkerton's words) the uncertainty of antiquity, must have already involved his character and writings.* In a charter of Peter de Haga de Bemersyde, which unfortunately wants a date, the Rhymer, a near neighbour, and, if we may trust tradition, a friend of the family, appears as a witness.—*Cartulary of Melrose.*

It cannot be doubted, that Thomas of Ercildoun was a remarkable and important person in his own time,

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* The lines alluded to are these:

I hope that Tomas's prophesie,
Of Erceldoun shall truly be.
In him, &c.

since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet, and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of those characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe Mackenzie, Learmont only versified the prophecies delivered by Eliza, an inspired nun, of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymer's prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself. Thus, in Winton's *Chronicle*,

> Of this fycht quilum spak Thomas
> Of Ersyldoune, that sayd in derne,
> Thare suld meit stalwarthly, starke, and sterne.
> He sayd it in his prophecy;
> But how he wist it was *ferly*.
>
> *Book VIII. chap.* 32.

There could have been no *ferly* (marvel), in Winton's eyes, at least, how Thomas came by his knowledge of future events, had he ever heard of the inspired nun of Haddington; which, it cannot be doubted, would have

been a solution of the mystery, much to the taste of the Prior of Lochlevin.*

Whatever doubts, however, the learned might have, as to the source of the Rhymer's prophetic skill, the vulgar had no hesitation to ascribe the whole to the intercourse between the bard and the Queen of Faëry. The popular tale bears, that Thomas was carried off, at an early age, to Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years residence he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by

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* Henry, the minstrel, who introduces Thomas into the history of Wallace, expresses the same doubt as to the source of his prophetic knowledge.

> Thomas Rhymer into the faile was than
> With the minister, which was a worthy man.
> He used oft to that religious place;
> The people deem'd of wit he meikle can,
> And so he told, though that they bless or ban,
> Which happen'd sooth in many divers case;
> I cannot say by wrong or righteousness.
> In rule or war whether they tint or wan:
> It may be deem'd by division of grace, &c.
>
> *History of Wallace, Book II.*

his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure.* Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends in the tower of Ercildoun, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were composedly and slowly parading the street of the village.† The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still "drees his weird" in Fairy Land, and is expected one day to revisit earth. In the mean while, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn,

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* See a Dissertation on Fairies, prefixed to the ballad of TAMLANE, *Minstrelsy of the Border*, vol. ii. p. 237.

† There is a singular resemblance betwixt this tradition, and an incident occurring in the life of Merlin Caledonius, which the reader will find a few pages onward.

(Goblin Brook) from the Rhymer's supernatural visitants. The veneration paid to his dwelling-place even attached itself in some degree to a person, who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of Learmont's tower. The name of this man was Murray, a kind of herbalist; who, by dint of some knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas the Rhymer, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard.

It seemed to the author unpardonable to dismiss a person, so important in Border tradition as the Rhymer, without some farther notice than a simple commentary upon the following ballad. It is given from a copy, obtained from a lady, residing not far from Ercildoun, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs Brown's MSS. The former copy, however, as might be expected, is far more minute as to local description.* To this old tale the author has ventured to add a Second Part, consisting

* The author has been since informed, by a most eminent antiquary, that there is in existence a MS. copy of this ballad, of very considerable antiquity, of which he hopes to avail himself on some future occasion.

of a kind of Cento, from the printed prophecies vulgarly ascribed to the Rhymer; and a Third Part, entirely modern, founded upon the tradition of his having returned with the hart and hind to the Land of Faërie. To make his peace with the more severe antiquaries, the author has prefixed to the Second Part some remarks on Learmont's prophecies.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART FIRST—ANCIENT.

True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,
Hang fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pull'd aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee,—
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see."—

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said;
"That name does not belang to me;
I am but the Queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said;
"Harp and carp along with me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your body I will be."—

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird * shall never danton me."—
Syne he has kiss'd her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

* *That weird, &c.*—That destiny shall never frighten me.

" Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said;
" True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe as may chance to be."—

She mounted on her milk-white steed;
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on;
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reach'd a desart wide,
And living land was left behind.

" Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee:
Abide, and rest a little space,
And I will shew thee ferlies three.

'O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers?—
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few inquires.

'And see not ye that braid, braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?—
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

'And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?—
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where you and I this night maun gae.

'But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For, if you speak word in Elflyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."—

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee,
For a' the blude that's shed on earth,
Rins through the springs of that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree—
"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie."—

"My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas said;
"A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst, where I may be.

" I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."
" Now hold thy peace!" the ladye said,
" For, as I say, so must it be."—

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And, till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

NOTE AND APPENDIX

TO

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART FIRST.

She pu'd an apple frae a tree, &c.—P. 218. v. 3.

The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarred the use of falsehood, when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.

The reader is here presented, from an old, and unfortunately an imperfect MS., with the undoubted original of Thomas the Rhymer's intrigue with the Queen of Faery. It will afford great amusement to those, who would study the nature of tra-

ditional poetry, and the changes effected by oral tradition, to compare this ancient romance with the foregoing ballad. The same incidents are narrated, even the expression is often the same, yet the poems are as different in appearance, as if the older tale had been regularly and systematically modernized by a poet of the present day.

Incipit Prophesia Thome de Erseldoun.

In a lande as I was lent,
In the gryking of the day,
Ay alone as I went,
In Huntle bankys me for to play :
I saw the throstyl, and the jay,
Ye mawes movyde of her song,
Ye wodwale sang notes gay,
That al the wod about range.
In that longyng as I lay,
Undir nethe a dern tre,
I was war of a lady gay,
Come rydyng ouyr a fair le ;
Zogh I suld sitt to domysday,
With my tong to wrabbe and wry,
Certanly all hyr aray,
It beth neuyr discryuyd for me.
Hyr palfra was dappyll gray,
Sycke on say neuer none,
As the son in somers day,
All abowte that lady shone ;
Hyr sadel was of a rewel bone,

A semly sight it was to se,
Bryht with mony a precyous stone,
And compasyd all with crapste ;
Stones of oryens gret plente,
Her hair about her hede it hang,
She rode ouer the farnyle.
A while she blew a while she sang,
Her girths of nobil silke they were,
Her boculs were of beryl stone,
Sadyll and brydill war - - :
With sylk and sendel about bedone.
Hyr patyrel was of a pall fyne ;
And hyr croper of the arase,
Hyr brydil was of gold fyne,
On euery syde forsothe hong bells thre.
Hyr brydil reynes - - -
A semly syzt - - - -
Crop and patyrel - - -
In every joynt - - - -
She led thre grew hounds in a leash,
And ratches cowpled by her ran ;
She bar an horn about her halse,
And undir her gyrdil meny fiene.
Thomas lay and sa - - -
In the bankes of - - -
He sayd yonder is Mary of Might,
That bar the child that died for me,
Certes bot I may speke with that lady bright.
Myd my hert will breke in three ;
I schal me hye with all my might,

Hyr to mete at Eldyn Tree.
Thomas rathly up he rase,
And ran ouer mountayn hye,
If it be sothe the story says,
He met her euyn at Eldyn tre.
Thomas knelyd down on his kne
Undir nethe the grenewood spray,
And sayd, Lovely lady thou rue on me.
Queen of Heaven as you well may be;
But I am a lady of another countrie,
If I be pareld most of prise,
I ride after the wild fee,
My ratches rinnen at my devys.
If thou be pareld most of prise,
And rides a lady in strang foly,
Lovely lady, as thou art wise,
Giue you me leue to lig ye by.
Do way, Thomas, that were foly,
I pray ye, Thomas, late me be,
That sin will fordo all my bewtie:
Lovely lady, rewe on me,
And euer more I shall with ye dwell,
Here my trowth I plyght to thee,
Where you beleues in heuyn or hell.
Thomas, and you myght lyge me by,
Undir nethe this grene wode spray,
Thou would tell full hastely,
That thou had layn by a lady gay.
Lady, I mote lyg by the,
Undir nethe the grene wode tre,

For all the gold in chrystenty,
Suld you neuer be wryede for me.
Man on molde you will me marre,
And yet bot you may haf you will,
Trow you well, Thomas, you cheuyest ye warre:
For all my bewtie wilt you spill.
Down lyghtyd that lady bryzt,
Undir nethe the grene wode spray,
And as ye story sayth full ryzt,
Seuyn tymes by her he lay.
She seyd, man you lyste thi play,
What berde in bouyr may dele with thee,
That maries me all this long day;
I pray ye, Thomas, lat me be.
Thomas stode up in the stede,
And behelde the lady gay,
Her heyre hang downe about hyr hede,
The tone was blak, the other gray,
Her eyn semyt onte before was gray,
Her gay clethyng was all away,
That he before had sene in that stede;
Hyr body as blo as ony bede.
Thomas sighede, and sayd allas,
Me thynke this a dullfull syght,
That thou art fadyd in the face,
Before you shone as son so bryzt.
Take thy leue, Thomas, at son and mone,
At gresse, and at euery tre,
This twelvmonth sall you with me gone,
Medyl erth you sall not se.

Alas, he seyd, full wo is me,
I trow my dedes will werke me care,
Jesu, my sole tak to ye,
Whedir so euyr my body sall fare.
She rode furth with all her myzt,
Undir nethe the derne lee,
It was derke as at midnyzt,
And euyr in water unto the kne;
Through the space of days thre,
He herde but swowyng of a flode;
Thomas sayd, ful wo is me,
Nowe I spyll for fawte of fode;
To a garden she lede him tyte,
There was fruyte in grete plente,
Peyres and appless ther were rype,
The date and the damese,
The figge and als fylbert tre;
The nyghtyngale bredying in her neste,
The papigaye about gan fle,
The throstylcok sang wold hafe no rest.
He pressed to pulle fruyt with his hand
As man for faute that was faynt;
She seyd, Thomas, lat al stand,
Or els the deuyl wil the ataynt.
Sche said, Thomas, I the hyzt,
To lay thi hede upon my kne,
And thou shalt see fayrer sight,
Than euyr sawe man in their kintre.
Sees thou, Thomas, yon fair way,
That lyggs ouyr yone fayr playn?

Yonder is the way to heuyn for ay,
Whan synful sawles haf derayed their payne.
Sees thou, Thomas, yone secund way,
That lygges lawe undir the ryse?
Streight is the way sothly to say,
To the joyes of paradyce.
Sees thou, Thomas, yone thyrd way,
That ligges ouyr yone how?
Wide is the way sothly to say,
To the brynyng fyres of hell.
Sees thou, Thomas, yone fayr castells,
That standes ouyr yone fayr hill?
Of town and tower it bereth the belle,
In middel erth is non like theretill.
Whan thou comyst in yon castell gaye
I pray thu curteis man to be;
What so any man to you say,
Soke thu answer non but me.
My lord is servyed at yche messe,
With xxx kniztes feir and fre;
I sall say syttyng on the dese,
I toke thy speche beyonde the le.
Thomas stode as still as stone,
And beheld that ladye gaye;
Than was sche fayr and ryche anone,
And also ryal on hir palfreye.
The grewhoundes had fylde them on the dere,
The ratches coupled, by my fay,
She blewe her horn Thomas to chere,
To the castle she went her way.

The lady into the hall went,
Thomas folowyd at her hand;
Thar kept hyr mony a lady gent,
With curtasy and lawe.
Harp and fedyl both he fande,
The getern and the sawtry,
Lut and rybib ther gon gang,
Thair was al maner of mynstralsy.
The most fertly that Thomas thoght.
When he com emyddes the flore,
Fourty hertes to quarry were broght,
That had ben befor both long and store.
Lymors lay lappyng blode,
And kokes standing with dressyng knife.
And dressyd dere as thai wer wode,
And rewell was thair wonder
Knyghtes dansyd by two and thre,
All that leue long day.
Ladyes that were gret of gre,
Sat and sang of rych aray.
Thomas sawe much more in that place,
Than I can descryve,
Til on a day alas, alas,
My lovelye ladye sayd to me,
Busk ye, Thomas, you must agayn,
Here you may no longer be:
Hy then zerne that you were at hame,
I sal ye bryng to Eldyn Tre.
Thomas answerd with heuy cher,
And sayd, lowely ladye, lat ma be,

For I say ye certainly here
Haf I be bot the space of dayes three.
Sothly, Thomas, as I telle ye,
You hath been here thre yeres,
And here you may no longer be;
And I sal tele ye a skele,
To-morowe of helle ye foule fende
Amang our folke shall chuse his fee;
For you art a larg man and an hende,
Trowe you wele he will chuse thee.
For all the golde that may be,
Sal you not be betrayed for me,
And thairfor sal you hens wend.
She broght him euyn to Eldon tre,
Under nethe the grene wode spray,
In Huntle bankes was fayr to be,
Ther breddes syng both nyzt and day.
Ferre ouyr yon montayns gray,
There hathe my facon:
Fare wele, Thomas, I wende my way.

* * * * * *

[The Elfin Queen, after restoring Thomas to earth, pours forth a string of prophecies, in which we distinguish references to the events and personages of the Scottish wars of Edward III. The battles of Duplin and Halidon are mentioned, and also Black Agnes, Countess of Dunbar. There is a copy of this poem in the Museum in the Cathedral of Lincoln, another in the collection of Peterborough, but unfortunately they are

all in an imperfect state. Mr Jamieson, in his curious collection of Scottish Ballads and Songs, has an entire copy of this ancient poem, with all the collations. The *lacunæ* of the former edition have been supplied from his copy.]

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART SECOND.

ALTERED FROM ANCIENT PROPHECIES.

THE prophecies ascribed to Thomas of Erceldoune have been the principal means of securing to him remembrance "amongst the sons of his people." The author of *Sir Tristrem* would long ago have joined, in the vale of oblivion, "Clerk of Tranent, who wrote the adventures of *Schir Gawain*," if, by good hap, the same current of ideas respecting antiquity, which causes Virgil to be regarded as a magician by the Lazaroni of Naples, had not exalted the Bard of Ercildoune to the prophetic character. Perhaps, indeed, he himself affected it during his life.

We know at least, for certain, that a belief in his supernatural knowledge was current soon after his death. His prophecies are alluded to by Barbour, by Winton, and by Henry the Minstrel, or *Blind Harry*, as he is usually termed. None of these authors, however, give the words of any of the Rhymer's vaticinations, but merely narrate historically, his having predicted the events of which they speak. The earliest of the prophecies ascribed to him, which is now extant, is quoted by Mr Pinkerton from a MS. It is supposed to be a response from Thomas of Ercildoune, to a question from the heroic Countess of March, renowned for the defence of the castle of Dunbar against the English, and termed, in the familiar dialect of her time, *Black Agnes of Dunbar*. This prophecy is remarkable, in so far as it bears very little resemblance to any verses published in the printed copy of the Rhymer's supposed prophecies. The verses are as follows:

" La Countesse de Donbar demande a Thomas de Essedoune quant la guerre d'Escoce prendreit fyn. E yl la repoundy et dyt.

" When man is mad a kyng of a capped man;
When man is levere other mones thyng than is owen;
When londe thouys forest, ant forest is felde;

When hares kendles o' the her'ston ;
When Wyt and Wille werres togedere :
When mon makes stables of kyrkes ; and steles castels with styes ;
When Rokesborough nys no burgh ant market is at Forwyleye :
When Bambourne is donged with dede men ;
When men ledes men in ropes to buyen and to sellen ;
When a quarter of whaty whete is chaunged for a colt of ten markes ;
When prude (pride) prikes and pees is leyd in prisoun ;
When a Scot ne me hym hude ase hare in forme that the English ne shall hym fynde ;
When rycht ant wronge astene the togedere ;
When laddes weddeth lovedies ;
When Scottes flen so faste, that for faute of shep, hy drowneth hemselve ;
When shal this be ?
Nouther in thine tyme ne in mine ;
Ah comen ant gone
Withinne twenty winter ant one."

Pinkerton's Poems, from Maitland's MSS. quoting from Harl. Lib. 2253. *F.* 127.

As I have never seen the MS. from which Mr Pinkerton makes this extract, and as the date of it is fixed by him (certainly one of the most able antiquaries of our age,) to the reign of Edward I. or II., it is with great diffidence that I hazard a contrary opinion. There can, however, I believe, be little doubt, that these prophetic

verses are a forgery, and not the production of our Thomas the Rhymer. But I am inclined to believe them of a later date than the reign of Edward I. or II.

The gallant defence of the castle of Dunbar, by Black Agnes, took place in the year 1337. The Rhymer died previous to the year 1299 (see the charter, by his son, in the introduction to the foregoing ballad.) It seems, therefore, very improbable, that the Countess of Dunbar could ever have an opportunity of consulting Thomas the Rhymer, since that would infer that she was married, or at least engaged in state matters, previous to 1299; whereas, she is described as a young, or a middle-aged woman, at the period of her being besieged in the fortress, which she so well defended. If the editor might indulge a conjecture, he would suppose, that the prophecy was contrived for the encouragement of the English invaders, during the Scottish wars; and that the names of the Countess of Dunbar, and of Thomas of Ercildoune, were used for the greater credit of the forgery. According to this hypothesis, it seems likely to have been composed after the siege of Dunbar, which had made the name of the countess well known, and consequently in the reign of Edward III. The whole tendency of the prophecy is to aver, "that there shall be no end of the Scottish

" war (concerning which the question was proposed), till " a final conquest of the country by England, attended " by all the usual severities of war. When the cultiva- " ted country shall become forest—says the prophecy;— " when the wild animals shall inhabit the abode of men; " —When Scots shall not be able to escape the English, " should they crouch as hares in their form,"—all these denunciations seem to refer to the time of Edward III. upon whose victories the prediction was probably founded. The mention of the exchange betwixt a colt worth ten markes, and a quarter of " whaty (indifferent) wheat," seems to allude to the dreadful famine, about the year 1388. The independence of Scotland was, however, as impregnable to the mines of superstition, as to the steel of our more powerful and more wealthy neighbours. The war of Scotland is, thank God, at an end; but it is ended without her people having either crouched like hares in their form, or being drowned in their flight " for faute of ships,"—thank God for that too. The prophecy, quoted in p. 209, is probably of the same date, and intended for the same purpose. A minute search of the records of the time would, probably, throw additional light upon the allusions contained in these ancient legends. Among various rhymes of prophetic

import, which are at this day current amongst the people of Teviotdale, is one, supposed to be pronounced by Thomas the Rhymer, presaging the destruction of his habitation and family:

> "The hare sall kittle (litter) on my hearth-stane,
> And there will never be a Laird Learmont again."

The first of these lines is obviously borrowed from that in the MS. of the Harl. Library.—"When hares "kendles o' the her'stane"—an emphatic image of desolation. It is also inaccurately quoted in the prophecy of Waldhave, published by Andro Hart, 1613:

> "This is a true talking that Thomas of tells,
> The hare shall hirple on the hard (hearth) stane."

Spottiswoode, an honest, but credulous historian, seems to have been a firm believer in the authenticity of the prophetic wares, vended in the name of Thomas of Ercildoune. "The prophecies yet extant in Scot-"tish rhymes, whereupon he was commonly called "*Thomas the Rhymer*, may justly be admired; having "foretold, so many ages before, the union of England

" and Scotland in the ninth degree of the Bruce's " blood, with the succession of Bruce himself to the " crown, being yet a child, and other divers particulars, " which the event hath ratified and made good. Boe- " thius, in his story, relateth his prediction of King " Alexander's death, and that he did foretel the same to " the Earl of March, the day before it fell out; saying, " ' That before the next day at noon, such a tempest " should blow, as Scotland had not felt for many years " before.' The next morning, the day being clear, and " no change appearing in the air, the nobleman did " challenge Thomas of his saying, calling him an im- " postor. He replied, that noon was not yet passed. " About which time, a post came to advertise the earl, " of the king his sudden death. ' Then,' said Thomas, " ' this is the tempest I foretold; and so shall it prove " to Scotland.' Whence, or how, he had this know- " ledge can hardly be affirmed; but sure it is, that " he did divine and answer truly of many things to " come."—*Spottiswoode*, p. 47. Besides that notable voucher, Master Hector Boece, the good archbishop might, had he been so minded, have referred to Fordun for the prophecy of King Alexander's death. That historian calls our bard " *ruralis ille vates*."—*Fordun*. lib. x. cap. 40.

What Spottiswoode calls "the prophecies extant in Scottish rhyme," are the metrical predictions ascribed to the prophet of Ercildoun, which, with many other compositions of the same nature, bearing the names of Bede, Merlin, Gildas, and other approved soothsayers, are contained in one small volume, published by Andro Hart, at Edinburgh, 1615. The late excellent Lord Hailes made these compositions the subject of a dissertation, published in his *Remarks on the History of Scotland.* His attention is chiefly directed to the celebrated prophecy of our bards, mentioned by Bishop Spottiswoode, bearing, that the crowns of England and Scotland should be united in the person of a king, son of a French queen, and related to Bruce in the ninth degree. Lord Hailes plainly proves, that this prophecy is perverted from its original purpose, in order to apply it to the succession of James VI. The ground-work of the forgery is to be found in the prophecies of Berlington, contained in the same collection, and runs thus:

"Of Bruce's left side shall spring out a leafe,
As neere as the ninth degree;
And shall be fleemed of faire Scotland,
In France farre beyond the sea.

And then shall come againe ryding,
With eyes that many men may see.
At Aberladie he shall light,
With hempen helteres and horse of tree.

— — —

However it happen for to fall,
The lyon shal be lord of all;
The French quen shall bearre the sonne,
Shal rule all Brittaine to the sea;
Ane from the Bruce's blood shal come also,
As neere as the ninth degree.

— — —

Yet shal there come a keene knight over the salt sea,
A keene man of courage and bold man of armes;
A duke's son dowbled (*i. e.* dubbed) a born man in France,
That shal our mirths augment, and mend all our harmes;
After the date of our Lord 1513, and thrice three thereafter;
Which shall brooke all the broad isle to himself,
Betwen 13 and thrice three the threip shal be ended,
The Saxons sall never recover after."

There cannot be any doubt, that this prophecy was intended to excite the confidence of the Scottish nation in the Duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, who arrived from France in 1515, two years after the death of James IV. in the fatal field of Flodden. The regent was descended of Bruce by the left, *i. e.* by the female side, within the ninth degree. His mother was daugh-

ter to the Earl of Boulogne, his father banished from his country—"fleemit of fair Scotland." His arrival must necessarily be by sea, and his landing was expected at Aberlady, in the Frith of Forth. He was a duke's son, dubbed knight; and nine years, from 1513, are allowed him, by the pretended prophet, for the accomplishment of the salvation of his country, and the exaltation of Scotland over her sister and rival. All this was a pious fraud, to excite the confidence and spirit of the country.

The prophecy, put in the name of our Thomas the Rhymer, as it stands in Hart's book, refers to a later period. The narrator meets the Rhymer upon a land, beside a lee, who shews him many emblematical visions, described in no mean strain of poetry. They chiefly relate to the fields of Flodden and Pinkie, to the national distress which followed these defeats, and to future halcyon days, which are promised to Scotland. One quotation or two will be sufficient to establish this fully:

"Our Scottish king sal come ful keene,
The red lyon beareth he;
A feddered arrow sharp, I weene,
Shal make him winke and warre to see.

Out of the field he shal be led
When he is bludie and woe for blood;
Yet to his men shall he say,
'For God's luve, turn you againe,
And give yon southerne folk a frey!
Why should I lose the right is mine?
My date is not to die this day.'"—

Who can doubt for a moment, that this refers to the battle of Flodden, and to the popular reports concerning the doubtful fate of James IV.? Allusion is immediately afterwards made to the death of George Douglas, heir apparent of Angus, who fought and fell with his sovereign:

"The sternes three that day shall die,
That bears the harte in silver sheen."

The well-known arms of the Douglas family are the heart and three stars. In another place, the battle of Pinkie is expressly mentioned by name:

"At Pinken Cluch there shall be spilt
Much gentle blood that day;
There shall the bear lose the guilt
And the eagill bear it away."

To the end of all this allegorical and mystical rhapsody, is interpolated, in the later edition by Andro Hart, a new edition of Berlington's verses, before quoted, altered and manufactured, so as to bear reference to the accession of James VI., which had just then taken place. The insertion is made, with a peculiar degree of awkwardness, betwixt a question put by the narrator, concerning the name and abode of the person who shewed him these strange matters, and the answer of the prophet to that question:

"Then to the Bairne could I say,
Where dwells thou, or in what countrie?
[Or who shall rule the isle of Britaine,
From the north to the south sey?
A French queene shall beare the sonne,
Shall rule all Britaine to the sea;
Which of the Bruce's blood shall come,
As neere as the nint degree:
I frained fast what was his name,
Where that he came, from what country,]
In Erslingtoun I dwell at hame,
Thomas Rymour men cals me."

There is surely no one, who will not conclude, with Lord Hailes, that the eight lines, inclosed in brackets,

are a clumsy interpolation, borrowed from Berlington, with such alterations as might render the supposed prophecy applicable to the union of the crowns.

While we are on this subject, it may be proper briefly to notice the scope of some of the other predictions in Hart's collection. As the prophecy of Berlington was intended to raise the spirits of the nation, during the regency of Albany, so those of Sybilla and Eltraine refer to that of the Earl of Arran, afterwards Duke of Chatelherault, during the minority of Mary, a period of similar calamity. This is obvious from the following verses:

"Take a thousand in calculation,
And the longest of the lyon,
Four crescents under one crowne,
With Saint Andrew's croce thrise,
Then threescore and thrise three:
Take tent to Merling truely,
Then shall the warres ended be,
And never againe rise.
In that yere there shall a king,
A duke, and no crowned king;
Becaus the prince shall be yong,
And tender of yeares."

The date, above hinted at, seems to be 1549, when

the Scottish regent, by means of some succours derived from France, was endeavouring to repair the consequences of the fatal battle of Pinkie. Allusion is made to the supply given to the "Moldwarte (England) by the fained hart" (the Earl of Angus.) The regent is described by his bearing the antelope; large supplies are promised from France, and complete conquest predicted to Scotland and her allies. Thus was the same hackneyed stratagem repeated, whenever the interest of the rulers appeared to stand in need of it. The regent was not, indeed, till after this period, created Duke of Chatelherault; but that honour was the object of his hopes and expectations.

The name of our renowned soothsayer is liberally used as an authority, throughout all the prophecies published by Andro Hart. Besides those expressly put in his name, Gildas, another assumed personage, is supposed to derive his knowledge from him; for he concludes thus:

"True Thomas me told in a troublesome time,
In a harvest morn at Eldoun hills."

The Prophecy of Gildas.

In the prophecy of Berlington, already quoted, we are told,

> "Marvellous Merling, that many men of tells,
> And Thomas's sayings comes all at once."

While I am upon the subject of these prophecies, may I be permitted to call the attention of antiquaries to Merdwynn Wyllt, or *Merlin the Wild*, in whose name, and by no means in that of Ambrose Merlin, the friend of Arthur, the Scottish prophecies are issued. That this personage resided at Drummelzier, and roamed, like a second Nebuchadnezzar, the woods of Tweeddale, in remorse for the death of his nephew, we learn from Fordun. In the *Scotichronicon*, lib. 3, cap. 31, is an account of an interview betwixt St Kentigern and Merlin, then in this distracted and miserable state. He is said to have been called *Lailoken*, from his mode of life. On being commanded by the saint to give an account of himself, he says, that the penance which he performs was imposed on him by a voice from heaven, during a bloody contest betwixt Lidel and Carwanolow, of which battle he had been the cause. Accord-

ing to his own prediction, he perished at once by wood, earth, and water; for, being pursued with stones by the rustics, he fell from a rock into the river Tweed, and was transfixed by a sharp stake, fixed there for the purpose of extending a fishing-net:

Sude perfossus, lapide percussus et unda
Hæc tria Merlinum fertur iniri necem.
Sicque ruit, mersusque fuit lignoque perpendi.
Et fecit vatem per terna pericula verum.

But, in a metrical history of Merlin of Caledonia, compiled by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from the traditions of the Welch bards, this mode of death is attributed to a page, whom Merlin's sister, desirous to convict the prophet of falsehood, because he had betrayed her intrigues, introduced to him, under three various disguises, inquiring each time in what manner the person should die. To the first demand Merlin answered, the party should perish by a fall from a rock; to the second, that he should die by a tree; and, to the third, that he should be drowned. The youth perished, while hunting, in the mode imputed by Fordun to Merlin himself.

Fordun, contrary to the Welch authorities, confounds this person with the Merlin of Arthur; but concludes by informing us, that many believed him to be a different person. The grave of Merlin is pointed out at Drummelziar, in Tweeddale, beneath an aged thorn-tree. On the east side of the church-yard, the brook, called Pausayl, falls into the Tweed; and the following prophecy is said to have been current concerning their union:

> "When Tweed and Pausayl join at Merlin's grave,
> Scotland and England shall one monarch have."

On the day of the coronation of James VI., the Tweed accordingly overflowed, and joined the Pausayl at the prophet's grave.—PENNYCUICK's *History of Tweeddale*, p. 26. These circumstances would seem to infer a communication betwixt the south-west of Scotland and Wales, of a nature peculiarly intimate; for I presume that Merlin would retain sense enough to chuse, for the scene of his wanderings, a country having a language and manners similar to his own.

Be this as it may, the memory of Merlin Sylvester, or the Wild, was fresh among the Scots during the

reign of James V. Waldhave,* under whose name a set of prophecies was published, describes himself as lying upon Lomond Law; he hears a voice, which bids him stand to his defence; he looks around, and beholds a flock of hares and foxes† pursued over the mountain by a savage figure, to whom he can hardly give the name of man. At the sight of Waldhave, the apparition leaves the objects of his pursuit, and assaults him with a club. Waldhave defends himself with his sword, throws the savage to the earth, and refuses to let him arise, till he swears by the law and lead he lives upon, "to do him no harm." This done, he permits him to arise, and marvels at his strange appearance:

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* I do not know whether the person here meant be Waldhave, an Abbot of Melrose, who died in the odour of sanctity, about 1160.

† The strange occupation, in which Waldhave beholds Merlin engaged, derives some illustration from a curious passage in Geoffrey of Monmouth's life of Merlin, above quoted. The poem, after narrating, that the prophet had fled to the forests in a state of distraction, proceeds to mention, that, looking upon the stars one clear evening, he discerned, from his astrological knowledge, that his wife, Guendolen, had resolved, upon the next morning, to take another husband. As he had presaged to her that this would happen, and had

" He was formed like a freike (man) all his four quarters;
And then his chin and his face haired so thick,
With haire growing so grime, fearful to see."

He answers briefly to Waldhave's inquiry, concerning his name and nature, that he " drees his weird," *i. e.* does penance, in that wood; and, having hinted that questions as to his own state are offensive, he pours

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promised her a nuptial gift (cautioning her, however, to keep the bridegroom out of his sight,) he now resolved to make good his word. Accordingly, he collected all the stags and lesser game in his neighbourhood; and having seated himself on a buck, drove the herd before him to the capital of Cumberland, where Guendolen resided. But her lover's curiosity leading him to inspect too nearly this extraordinary cavalcade, Merlin's rage was awakened, and he slew him with the stroke of an antler of the stag. The original runs thus:

Dixerat: et silvas et saltus circuit omnes,
Cervorumque greges agmen collegit in unum,
Et damas, capreasque simul, cervoque resedit;
Et veniente die, compellens agmina præ se,
Festinans vadit quo nubit Guendolœna.
Postquam venit eo, pacienter coegit
Cervos ante fores, proclamans, " Guendolœna,
Guendolœna, veni, te talia munera spectant."

forth an obscure rhapsody concerning futurity, and concludes,

> "Go musing upon Merling if thou wilt;
> For I mean no more man at this time."

This is exactly similar to the meeting betwixt Merlin and Kentigern in Fordun. These prophecies of Merlin

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Ocius ergo venit subridens Guendolœna,
Gestarique virum cervo miratur, et illum
Sic parere viro, tantum quoque posse ferarum
Uniri numerum quas præ se solus agebat,
Sicut pastor oves, quas ducere suevit ad herbas.
Stabat ab excelsa, sponsus spectando fenestra
In solio mirans equitem risumque movebat.
Ast ubi vidit eum vates, animoque quis esset,
Calluit, extemplo divulsit cornua cervo
Quo gestabatur, vibrataque jecit in illum
Et caput illius penitus contrivit, cumque
Reddidit exanimem, vitamque fugavit in auras;
Ocius inde suum, talorum verbere, cervum
Diffugiens egit, silvasque redire paravit.

For a perusal of this curious poem, accurately copied from a MS. in the Cotton library, nearly coeval with the author, I was indebted to my learned friend, the late Mr Ritson. There is an excellent paraphrase of it in the curious and entertaining *Specimens of Early English Romances*, published by Mr Ellis.

seem to have been in request in the minority of James V.; for, among the amusements with which Sir David Lindsay diverted that prince during his infancy, are

> "The prophecies of Rymer, Bede, and Merlin."
> *Sir David Lindsay's Epistle to the King.*

And we find, in Waldhave, at least one allusion to the very ancient prophecy, addressed to the Countess of Dunbar:

> "This is a true token that Thomas of tells,
> When a ladde with a ladye shall go over the fields."

The original stands thus:

> "When laddes weddeth lovedies."

Another prophecy of Merlin seems to have been current about the time of the regent Morton's execution.—When that nobleman was committed to the charge of his accuser, Captain James Stewart, newly created Earl of Arran, to be conducted to his trial at Edinburgh, Spottiswoode says that he asked, "Who was Earl of Arran?" "and being answered that Captain James was the "man, after a short pause he said, 'And is it so? I know "then what I may look for!' meaning, as was thought,

" that the old prophecy of the ' Falling of the heart'* " by the mouth of Arran,' should then be fulfilled. Whe- " ther this was his mind or not, it is not known ; but " some spared not, at the time when the Hamiltons were " banished, in which business he was held too earnest, " to say, that he stood in fear of this prediction, and " went that course only to disappoint it. But, if so it " was, he did find himself now deluded ; for he fell by " the mouth of another Arran than he imagined."— *Spottiswoode,* p. 313. The fatal words, alluded to, seem to be these in the prophecy of Merlin:

> " In the mouth of Arrane a selcouth shall fall,
> Two bloodie hearts shall be taken with a false traine,
> And derfly dung down without any dome."

To return from these desultory remarks, into which the editor has been led by the celebrated name of Merlin, the style of all these prophecies, published by Hart, is very much the same. The measure is alliterative, and

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* The heart was the cognizance of Morton.

somewhat similar to that of *Pierce Plowman's Visions*; a circumstance, which might entitle us to ascribe to some of them an earlier date than the reign of James V., did we not know that *Sir Galloran of Galloway*, and *Gawaine and Gologras*, two romances rendered almost unintelligible by the extremity of affected alliteration, are perhaps not prior to that period. Indeed, although we may allow, that during much earlier times, prophecies, under the names of those celebrated soothsayers, have been current in Scotland, yet those published by Harte have obviously been so often vamped and re-vamped to serve the political purposes of different periods, that it may be shrewdly suspected, that, as in the case of Sir John Cutler's transmigrated stockings, very little of the original materials now remains. I cannot refrain from indulging my readers with the publisher's title to the last prophecy; as it contains certain curious information concerning the Queen of Sheba, who is identified with the Cumæan Sybil: "Here followeth a prophecie, pronoun-
"ced by a noble queene and matron, called Sybilla,
"Regina Austri, that came to Solomon. Through the
"which she compiled four books, at the instance and
"request of the said King Sol. and other divers: and
"the fourth book was directed to a noble king, called

" Baldwine, king of the broad isle of Britain ; in the " which she maketh mention of two noble princes and " emperours, the which is called Leones. How these " two shall subdue, and overcome all earthlie princes to " their diademe and crowne, and also be glorified and " crowned in the heaven among saints. The first of " these two is Constantinus Magnus ; that was Lepro- " sus, the son of Saint Helene, that found the croce. " The second is the sixt king of the name of Steward of " Scotland, the which is our most noble king." With such editors and commentators, what wonder that the text became unintelligible, even beyond the usual oracular obscurity of prediction ?

If there still remain, therefore, among these predictions, any verses having a claim to real antiquity, it seems now impossible to discover them from those which are comparatively modern. Nevertheless, as there are to be found, in these compositions, some uncommonly wild and masculine expressions, the editor has been induced to throw a few passages together, into the sort of ballad to which this disquisition is prefixed. It would, indeed, have been no difficult matter for him, by a judicious selection, to have excited, in favour of Thomas of Ercildoune, a share of the admira-

tion, bestowed by sundry wise persons upon Mass Robert Fleming. For example:

"But then the lilye shall be loused when they least think;
Then clear king's blood shal quake for fear of death;
For churls shal chop off heads of their chief beirns,
And carfe of the crowns that Christ hath appointed.
— — — — — —
Thereafter on every side sorrow shal arise;
The barges of clear barons down shal be sunken;
Seculars shal sit in spiritual seats,
Occupying offices anointed as they were."

Taking the lily for the emblem of France, can there be a more plain prophecy of the murder of her monarch, the destruction of her nobility, and the desolation of her hierarchy?

But, without looking farther into the signs of the times, the editor, though the least of all the prophets, cannot help thinking that every true Briton will approve of his application of the last prophecy quoted in the ballad.

Harte's collection of prophecies has been frequently printed within the century, probably to favour the pretensions of the unfortunate family of Stuart. For the prophetic renown of Gildas and Bede, see *Fordun*, lib. 3.

Before leaving the subject of Thomas's predictions, it may be noticed, that sundry rhymes, passing for his prophetic effusions, are still current among the vulgar. Thus, he is said to have prophecied of the very ancient family of Haig of Bemerside,

> "Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
> Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside."

The grandfather of the present proprietor of Bemerside had twelve daughters, before his lady brought him a male heir. The common people trembled for the credit of their favourite soothsayer. The late Mr Haig was at length born, and their belief in the prophecy confirmed beyond a shadow of doubt.

Another memorable prophecy bore, that the Old Kirk of Kelso, constructed out of the ruins of the Abbey, should fall when "at the fullest." At a very crowded sermon, about thirty years ago, a piece of lime fell from the roof of the church. The alarm, for the fulfilment of the words of the seer, became universal; and happy were they, who were nearest the door of the predestined edifice. The church was in conse-

quence deserted, and has never since had an opportunity of tumbling upon a full congregation. I hope, for the sake of a beautiful specimen of Saxo-Gothic architecture, that the accomplishment of this prophecy is far distant.

Another prediction, ascribed to the Rhymer, seems to have been founded on that sort of insight into futurity, possessed by most men of a sound and combining judgment. It runs thus:

> "At Eildon Tree if you shall be,
> A brigg ower Tweed you there may see."

The spot in question commands an extensive prospect of the course of the river; and it was easy to foresee, that when the country should become in the least degree improved, a bridge would be somewhere thrown over the stream. In fact, you now see no less than three bridges from that elevated situation.

Corspatrick (Comes Patrick,) Earl of March, but more commonly taking his title from his castle of Dunbar, acted a noted part during the wars of Edward I. in Scotland. As Thomas of Erceldoune is said to have

delivered to him his famous prophecy of King Alexander's death, the author has chosen to introduce him into the following ballad. All the prophetic verses are selected from Harte's publication.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART SECOND.

WHEN seven years were come and gane,
The sun blinked fair on pool and stream;
And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,
Like one awaken'd from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steed,
He saw the flash of armour flee,
And he beheld a gallant knight,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

He was a stalwart knight, and strong;
Of giant make he 'pear'd to be:
He stirr'd his horse, as he were wode,
Wi' gilded spurs, of fashioun free.

Says—"Well met, well met, true Thomas!
Some uncouth ferlies shew to me."—
Says—"Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave!
Thrice welcome, good Dunbar, to me!

"Light down, light down, Corspatrick brave,
And I will shew thee curses three,
Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,
And change the green to the black livery.

"A storm shall roar, this very hour,
From Rosse's Hills to Solway sea."—
"Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar!
For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lea."—

He put his hand on the earlie's head;
He shew'd him a rock, beside the sea,
Where a king lay stiff, beneath his steed,*
And steel-dight nobles wiped their e'e.

" The neist curse lights on Branxton Hills:
By Flodden's high and heathery side,
Shall wave a banner red as blude,
And chieftains throng wi' meikle pride.

" A Scottish king shall come full keen;
The ruddy lion beareth he;
A feather'd arrow sharp, I ween,
Shall make him wink and warre to see.

" When he is bloody, and all to bledde,
Thus to his men he still shall say—

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* King Alexander; killed by a fall from his horse, near Kinghorn.

'For God's sake, turn ye back again,
And give yon southern folk a fray!
Why should I lose the right is mine?
My doom is not to die this day.'*

"Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,
And woe and wonder ye sall see;
How forty thousand spearmen stand,
Where yon rank river meets the sea.

"There shall the lion lose the gylte,
And the libbards bear it clean away;
At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be spilt
Much gentil blude that day."—

"Enough, enough, of curse and ban;
Some blessing shew thou now to me,

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* The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland concerning the fate of James IV. is well known.

Or, by the faith o' my bodie," Corspatrick said,
" Ye sall rue the day ye e'er saw me !"—

" The first of blessings I shall thee shew,
Is by a burn that's call'd of bread ;*
Where Saxon men shall tine the bow,
And find their arrows lack the head.

" Beside that brigg, out-ower that burn,
Where the water bickereth bright and sheen,
Shall many a falling courser spurn,
And knights shall die in battle keen.

" Beside a headless cross of stone,
The libbards there shall lose the gree ;

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* One of Thomas's rhymes, preserved by tradition, runs thus :

" The burn of breid
Shall run fow reid."

Bannock-burn is the brook here meant. The Scots give the name of *bannock* to a thick round cake of unleavened bread.

The raven shall come, the erne shall go,
And drink the Saxon blood sae free.
The cross of stone they shall not know,
So thick the corses there shall be."—

"But tell me now," said brave Dunbar,
"True Thomas, tell now unto me,
What man shall rule the isle Britain,
Even from the north to the southern sea?"—

"A French queen shall bear the son,
Shall rule all Britain to the sea:
He of the Bruce's blude shall come,
As near as in the ninth degree.

"The waters worship shall his race,
Likewise the waves of the farthest sea;
For they shall ride ower ocean wide,
With hempen bridles, and horse of tree."—

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD.—MODERN.

THOMAS THE RHYMER was renowned among his contemporaries, as the author of the celebrated romance of *Sir Tristrem*. Of this once admired poem only one copy is known to exist, which is in the Advocates' Library. The author, in 1804, published a small edition of this curious work; which, if it does not revive the reputation of the bard of Erceldoune, is at least the earliest specimen of Scottish poetry hitherto published. Some account of this romance has already been given to the world in Mr Ellis's *Specimens of Ancient Poetry*,

vol. I. p. 165, 3d. p. 410; a work, to which our predecessors and our posterity are alike obliged; the former, for the preservation of the best selected examples of their poetical taste; and the latter, for a history of the English language, which will only cease to be interesting with the existence of our mother-tongue, and all that genius and learning have recorded in it. It is sufficient here to mention, that so great was the reputation of the romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that few were thought capable of reciting it after the manner of the author;—a circumstance alluded to by Robert de Brune, the annalist:

> "I see in song, in sedgeyng tale,
> Of Erceldoun, and of Kendale.
> Now thame says as they thame wroght,
> And in thare saying it semes nocht,
> That thou may here in Sir Tristrem,
> Over gestes it has the steme,
> Over all that is or was;
> If men it said as made Thomas," &c.

It appears, from a very curious MS. of the thirteenth century, *penes* Mr Douce of London, containing a

French metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that the work of our Thomas the Rhymer was known, and referred to, by the minstrels of Normandy and Bretagne. Having arrived at a part of the romance, where reciters were wont to differ in the mode of telling the story, the French bard expressly cites the authority of the poet of Erceldoune:

> " Plusurs de nos granter ne volent,
> Co que del naim dire se solent,
> Ki femme Kaherdin dut aimer,
> Li naim redut Tristram narrer,
> E entusché par grant engin,
> Quant il afole Kaherdin;
> Pur cest plaie e pur cest mal,
> Enveiad Tristran Guvernal,
> En Engleterre pur Ysolt
> THOMAS ico granter ne volt,
> Et si volt par raisun mostrer,
> Qu' ico ne put pas esteer," &c.

The tale of *Sir Tristrem*, as narrated in the Edinburgh MS., is totally different from the voluminous romance in prose, originally compiled on the same subject by Rusticien de Puise, and analysed by M. de

Tressan; but agrees in every essential particular with the metrical performance just quoted, which is a work of much higher antiquity.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD.

WHEN seven years more had come and gone,
Was war through Scotland spread,
And Ruberslaw shew'd high Dunyon
His beacon blazing red.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow,
Pitch'd palliouns took their room,
And crested helms, and spears a rowe,
Glanced gaily through the broom.

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,
Resounds the ensenzie;*

* *Ensenzie*—War-cry, or gathering word.

They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee.

The feast was spread in Ercildoune,
In Learmont's high and ancient hall;
And there were knights of great renown,
And ladies laced in pall.

Nor lack'd they, while they sat at dine,
The music nor the tale,
Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,
Nor mantling quaighs* of ale.

True Thomas rose, with harp in hand,
When as the feast was done;
(In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,
The elfin harp he won.)

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* *Quaighs*—Wooden cups, composed of staves hooped together.

Hush'd were the throng, both limb and tongue,
And harpers for envy pale;
And armed lords leant on their swords,
And hearken'd to the tale.

In numbers high, the witching tale
The prophet pour'd along;
No after bard might e'er avail*
Those numbers to prolong.

Yet fragments of the lofty strain
Float down the tide of years,
As, buoyant on the stormy main,
A parted wreck appears.

He sung King Arthur's Table Round:
The Warrior of the Lake;
How courteous Gawaine met the wound,
And bled for ladies' sake.

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* See introduction to this Ballad.

But chief, in gentle Tristrem's praise,
The notes melodious swell;
Was none excell'd in Arthur's days,
The Knight of Lionelle.

For Marke, his cowardly uncle's right,
A venom'd wound he bore;
When fierce Morholde he slew in fight,
Upon the Irish shore.

No art the poison might withstand;
No med'cine could be found,
Till lovely Isolde's lily hand
Had probed the rankling wound.

With gentle hand and soothing tongue,
She bore the leech's part;
And, while she o'er his sick-bed hung,
He paid her with his heart.

O fatal was the gift, I ween!
For, doom'd in evil tide,
The maid must be rude Cornwall's queen,
His cowardly uncle's bride.

Their loves, their woes, the gifted bard
In fairy tissue wove;
Where lords, and knights, and ladies bright,
In gay confusion strove.

The Garde Joyeuse, amid the tale,
High rear'd its glittering head;
And Avalon's enchanted vale
In all its wonders spread.

Brengwain was there, and Segramore,
And fiend-born Merlin's gramarye;
Of that famed wizard's mighty lore,
O who could sing but he?

Through many a maze the winning song
In changeful passion led,
Till bent at length the listening throng
O'er Tristrem's dying bed.

His ancient wounds their scars expand;
With agony his heart is wrung;
O where is Isolde's lily hand,
And where her soothing tongue?

She comes, she comes!—like flash of flame
Can lovers' footsteps fly:
She comes, she comes!—she only came
To see her Tristrem die.

She saw him die; her latest sigh
Join'd in a kiss his parting breath:
The gentlest pair, that Britain bare,
United are in death.

There paused the harp; its lingering sound
Died slowly on the ear;
The silent guests still bent around,
For still they seem'd to hear.

Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak,
Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh;
But, half ashamed, the rugged cheek
Did many a gauntlet dry.

On Leader's stream, and Learmont's tower,
The mists of evening close;
In camp, in castle, or in bower,
Each warrior sought repose.

Lord Douglas, in his lofty tent,
Dream'd o'er the woeful tale;
When footsteps light, across the bent,
The warrior's ears assail.

He starts, he wakes:—"What, Richard, ho!
Arise, my page, arise!
What venturous wight, at dead of night,
Dare step where Douglas lies!"—

Then forth they rush'd: by Leader's tide,
A selcouth* sight they see—
A hart and hind pace side by side,
As white as snow on Fairnalie.

Beneath the moon, with gesture proud,
They stately move and slow;
Nor scare they at the gathering crowd,
Who marvel as they go.

To Learmont's tower a message sped,
As fast as page might run;
And Thomas started from his bed,
And soon his clothes did on.

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* *Selcouth*—Wondrous.

First he woxe pale, and then woxe red;
Never a word he spake but three;—
"My sand is run; my thread is spun;
This sign regardeth me."—

The elfin harp his neck around,
In minstrel guise, he hung;
And on the wind, in doleful sound,
Its dying accents rung.

Then forth he went; yet turn'd him oft
To view his ancient hall;
On the grey tower, in lustre soft,
The autumn moon-beams fall.

And Leader's waves, like silver sheen,
Danced shimmering in the ray;
In deepening mass, at distance seen,
Broad Soltra's mountains lay.

" Farewell, my father's ancient tower!
A long farewell," said he:
" The scene of pleasure, pomp, or power,
Thou never more shalt be.

" To Learmont's name no foot of earth
Shall here again belong,
And on thy hospitable hearth
The hare shall leave her young.

" Adieu! Adieu!" again he cried,
All as he turn'd him roun'—
" Farewell to Leader's silver tide!
Farewell to Ercildoune!"—

The hart and hind approach'd the place,
As lingering yet he stood;
And there, before Lord Douglas' face,
With them he cross'd the flood.

Lord Douglas leap'd on his berry-brown steed,
And spurr'd him the Leader o'er:
But, though he rode with lightning speed,
He never saw them more.

Some said to hill, and some to glen,
Their wondrous course had been;
But ne'er in haunts of living men
Again was Thomas seen.

NOTES

ON

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD.

And Ruberslaw shew'd high Dunyon.—P. 268. v. 1.
Ruberslaw and Dunyon are two high hills above Jedburgh.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow.—P. 268. v. 2.
An ancient tower near Erceldoune, belonging to a family of the name of Home. One of Thomas's prophecies is said to have run thus:

"Vengeance, vengeance! when and where?
On the house of Coldingknow, now and ever mair!"

The spot is rendered classical by its having given name to the beautiful melody, called the *Broom o' the Cowdenknows.*

They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee.—P. 269. v. 1.
Torwoodlee and Caddenhead are places in Selkirkshire.

How courteous Gawaine met the wound.—P. 270. v. 4.

See, in the *Fabliaux* of Monsieur le Grand, elegantly translated by the late Gregory Way, Esq., the tale of the *Knight and the Sword.*

As white as snow on Fairnalie.—P. 275. v. 2.

An ancient seat upon the Tweed, in Selkirkshire. In a popular edition of the first part of Thomas the Rhymer, the fairy queen thus addresses him ;

> " Gin ye wad meet wi' me again,
> Gang to the bonny banks of Fairnalie."

THE

FIRE-KING.

" The blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses, were upon " him." *Eastern Tale.*

This ballad was written at the request of MR LEWIS, *to be inserted in his* " Tales of Wonder." *It is the third in a series of four ballads, on the subject of Elementary Spirits. The story is, however, partly historical; for it is recorded, that, during the struggles of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, a Knight-Templar, called Saint-Alban, deserted to the Saracens, and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he was finally routed and slain, in a conflict with King Baldwin, under the walls of Jerusalem.*

OLD knights and fair dames, to my harp give an ear,
' love, and of war, and of wonder to hear;
ıd you haply may sigh, in the midst of your glee,
the tale of Count Albert, and fair Rosalie.

O see you that castle, so strong and so high?
And see you that lady, the tear in her eye?
And see you that palmer, from Palestine's land,
The shell on his hat, and the staff in his hand?—

"Now palmer, grey palmer, O tell unto me,
What news bring you home from the Holy Countrie?
And how goes the warfare by Gallilee's strand?
And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land?"—

"O well goes the warfare by Gallilee's wave,
For Gilead, and Nablous, and Ramah we have;
And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,
For the Heathen have lost, and the Christians have won.

A fair chain of gold 'mid her ringlets there hung;
O'er the palmer's grey locks the fair chain has she flun
"Oh palmer, grey palmer, this chain be thy fee,
For the news thou hast brought from the Holy Count

nd palmer, good palmer, by Gallilee's wave,
aw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave?
en the Crescent went back, and the Red-cross rush'd on,
aw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?"—

lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows;
dy, fair lady, the stream pure it flows;
r castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on high,
lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.

ie green boughs they wither, the thunderbolt falls,
aves of your castle but levin-scorch'd walls;
pure stream runs muddy; the gay hope is gone;
t Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon."—

e's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her speed;
she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at her need;
she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,
nsom Count Albert from Soldanrie's hand.

Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie,
Small thought on his faith, or his knighthood, had he;
A heathenish damsel his light heart had won,
The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.

"O Christian, brave Christian, my love would'st thou
Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee:
Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take;
And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake.

"And, next, in the cavern, where burns evermore
The mystical flame which the Curdmans adore,
Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou wake;
And this thou shalt next do for Zulema's sake.

"And, last, thou shalt aid us with counsel and hand,
To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land;
For my lord and my love then Count Albert I'll take,
When all this is accomplish'd for Zulema's sake."—

e has thrown by his helmet and cross-handled sword,
nouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord;
e has ta'en the green caftan, and turban put on,
r the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

d in the dread cavern, deep deep under ground,
hich fifty steel gates and steel portals surround,
e has watch'd until day-break, but sight saw he none,
ve the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.

nazed was the princess, the Soldan amazed;
re murmur'd the priests as on Albert they gazed:
ey search'd all his garments, and, under his weeds,
ey found, and took from him, his rosary beads.

ain in the cavern, deep deep under ground,
watch'd the lone night, while the winds whistled round;
off was their murmur, it came not more nigh,
e flame burnt unmoved, and nought else did he spy.

Loud murmur'd the priests, and amazed was the king,
While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing;
They search'd Albert's body, and, lo! on his breast
Was the sign of the Cross, by his father impress'd.

The priests they erase it with care and with pain,
And the recreant return'd to the cavern again;
But, as he descended, a whisper there fell!—
It was his good angel, who bade him farewell!

High bristled his hair, his heart flutter'd and beat,
And he turn'd him five steps, half resolved to retreat;
But his heart it was harden'd, his purpose was gone,
When he thought of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarce pass'd he the archway, the threshold scarce tro
When the winds from the four points of Heaven
abroad;
They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,
And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-King.

ll sore rock'd the cavern whene'er he drew nigh,
e fire on the altar blazed bickering and high ;
volcanic explosions the mountains proclaim
e dreadful approach of the Monarch of Flame.

measured in height, undistinguish'd in form,
s breath it was lightning, his voice it was storm ;
een the stout heart of Count Albert was tame,
en he saw in his terrors the Monarch of Flame.

his hand a broad faulchion blue-glimmer'd through smoke,
d Mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he spoke :—
With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long, and no more,
l thou bend to the Cross, and the Virgin adore."—

e cloud-shrouded Arm gives the weapon ; and, see !
e recreant receives the charm'd gift on his knee :
e thunders growl distant, and faint gleam the fires,
borne on his whirlwind, the Phantom retires.

Count Albert has arm'd him the Paynim among,
Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it was stron
And the Red-cross wax'd faint, and the Crescent came
From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon.

From Lebanon's forests to Gallilee's wave,
The sands of Samaar drank the blood of the brave;
Till the Knights of the Temple, and Knights of Saint J
With Salem's King Baldwin, against him came on.

The war-cymbals clatter'd, the trumpets replied,
The lances were couch'd, and they closed on each side
And horsemen and horses Count Albert o'erthrew,
Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin unto.

Against the charm'd blade which Count Albert did wi
The fence had been vain of the King's Red-cross shiel
But a Page thrust him forward the monarch before,
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.

fell was the dint, that Count Albert stoop'd low
fore the cross'd shield, to his steel saddle-bow ;
d scarce had he bent to the Red-cross his head,—
Bonne grace, notre Dame !" he unwittingly said.

re sigh'd the charm'd sword, for its virtue was o'er,
sprung from his grasp, and was never seen more ;
t true men have said, that the lightning's red wing
d waft back the brand to the dread Fire-King.

clench'd his set teeth, and his gauntletted hand ;
stretch'd, with one buffet, that Page on the strand ;
back from the stripling the broken casque roll'd,
u might see the blue eyes, and the ringlets of gold.

ort time had Count Albert in horror to stare
those death-swimming eye-balls, and blood-clotted hair ;
down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,
d dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.

The Saracens, Curdmans, and Ishmaelites yield
To the scallop, the saltier, and crosletted shield ;
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead,
From Bethsaida's fountains to Naphthali's head.

The battle is over on Bethsaida's plain.—
Oh, who is yon Paynim lies stretch'd mid the slain ?
And who is yon Page lying cold at his knee ?—
Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

The Lady was buried in Salem's bless'd bound,
The Count he was left to the vulture and hound :
Her soul to high mercy Our Lady did bring ;
His went on the blast to the dread Fire-King.

Yet many a minstrel, in harping, can tell,
How the Red Cross it conquer'd, the Crescent it fell ;
And lords and gay ladies have sigh'd, 'mid their glee,
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

FREDERICK AND ALICE.

This tale is imitated, rather than translated, from a fragment introduced in Goethe's " Claudina von Villa Bella," *where it is sung by a member of a gang of banditti, to engage the attention of the family, while his companions break into the castle. It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend* MR LEWIS, *to whom it was sent in an extremely rude state; and who, after some material improvements, published it in his* " Tales of Wonder."

FREDERICK leaves the land of France,
Homeward hastes his steps to measure;
Careless casts the parting glance
On the scene of former pleasure.

Joying in his prancing steed,
Keen to prove his untried blade,
Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead
Over mountain, moor, and glade.

Helpless, ruin'd, left forlorn,
Lovely Alice wept alone;
Mourn'd o'er love's fond contract torn,
Hope, and peace, and honour flown.

Mark her breast's convulsive throbs!
See, the tear of anguish flows!—
Mingling soon with bursting sobs,
Loud the laugh of frenzy rose.

Wild she cursed, and wild she pray'd;
Seven long days and nights are o'er;
Death in pity brought his aid,
As the village bell struck four.

Far from her, and far from France,
Faithless Frederick onward rides;
Marking, blithe, the morning's glance
Mantling o'er the mountain's sides.

Heard ye not the boding sound,
As the tongue of yonder tower,
Slowly, to the hills around,
Told the fourth, the fated hour?

Starts the steed, and snuffs the air,
Yet no cause of dread appears;
Bristles high the rider's hair,
Struck with strange mysterious fears.

Desperate, as his terrors rise,
In the steed the spur he hides;
From himself in vain he flies;
Anxious, restless, on he rides.

Seven long days, and seven long nights,
Wild he wander'd, woe the while!
Ceaseless care, and causeless fright,
Urge his footsteps many a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends;
Rivers swell, and rain-streams pour;
While the deafening thunder lends
All the terrors of its roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil,
Where his head shall Frederick hide?
Where, but in yon ruin'd aisle,
By the lightning's flash descried.

To the portal, dank and low,
Fast his steed the wanderer bound;
Down a ruin'd staircase slow,
Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie!
Glimmering lights are seen to glide!—
"Blessed Mary, hear my cry!
Deign a sinner's steps to guide!"—

Often lost their quivering beam,
Still the lights move slow before,
Till they rest their ghastly gleam
Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,
Mix'd with peals of laughter, rose;
As they fell, a solemn strain
Lent its wild and wondrous close!

Midst the din, he seem'd to hear
Voice of friends, by death removed;—
Well he knew that solemn air,
'Twas the lay that Alice loved.—

Hark! for now a solemn knell
Four times on the still night broke;
Four times, at its deaden'd swell,
Echoes from the ruins spoke.

As the lengthen'd clangors die,
Slowly opes the iron door;
Straight a banquet met his eye,
But a funeral's form it wore!

Coffins for the seats extend;
All with black the board was spread;
Girt by parent, brother, friend,
Long since number'd with the dead!

Alice, in her grave-clothes bound,
Ghastly smiling, points a seat;
All arose, with thundering sound;
All the expected stranger greet.

High their meagre arms they wave,
Wild their notes of welcome swell;—
"Welcome, traitor, to the grave!
Perjured, bid the light farewell!"—

SONGS.

WAR SONG

OF THE

ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

"*Nennius.* Is not peace the end of arms?
Caratach. Not where the cause implies a general conquest.
Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbours, Britons, for our landmarks,
The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making head against a slight commotion,
After a day of blood, peace might be urged:
But where we grapple for the land we live on,
The liberty we hold more dear than life,
The gods we worship, and, next these, our honours,
And, with those, swords, that know no end of battle—
Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour,
Those minds, that, where the day is, claim inheritance,
And, where the sun makes ripe the fruit, their harvest,
And, where they march, but measure out more ground
To add to Rome——
It must not be.—No! as they are our foes,
Let's use the peace of honour—that's fair dealing;
But in our hands our swords. The hardy Roman,
That thinks to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred under ground,
And be allied in ashes."——— BONDUCA.

The following War Song was written during the apprehension of an invasion. The corps of volunteers, to which it was addressed, was raised in 1797, consisting of gentlemen, mounted and armed at their own expence. It still subsists, as the Right Troop of the Royal Mid Lothian Light Cavalry, commanded by the Honourable Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas. The noble and constitutional measure, of arming freemen in defence of their own rights, was no where more successful than in Edinburgh, which furnished a force of 3000 armed and disciplined volunteers, including a Regiment of Cavalry, from the City and County, and two Corps of Artillery, each capable of serving twelve guns. To such a force, above all others, might, in similar circumstances, be applied the exhortation of our ancient Galgacus: "*Pro-*
"*inde ituri in aciem, et majores vestros et posteros cogi-*
"*tate.*"

WAR SONG

OF THE

ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of Battle's on the breeze,
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd;
We boast the red and blue.*

* The Royal Colours.

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown,
Dull Holland's tardy train;
Their ravish'd toys though Romans mourn,
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
And, foaming, gnaw the chain;

O! had they mark'd the avenging call
Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn?

No! though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,

The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain;
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our King, to fence our Law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tri-color,
Or footstep of invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!
Adieu each tender tie!
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer, or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam;
High sounds our bugle-call;
Combined by honour's sacred tie,
Our word is, *Laws and Liberty!*
March forward, one and all!

NOTE

ON

THE WAR-SONG.

O! had they mark'd the avenging call,
Their brethren's murder gave.—P. 302. v. 2.

The allusion is to the massacre of the Swiss guards, on the fatal 10th August, 1792. It is painful, but not useless, to remark, that the passive temper with which the Swiss regarded the death of their bravest countrymen, mercilessly slaughtered in discharge of their duty, encouraged and authorized the progressive injustice, by which the Alps, once the seat of the most virtuous and free people upon the continent, have, at length, been converted into the citadel of a foreign and military despot. A state degraded is half enslaved.

THE

NORMAN HORSE-SHOE.

AIR—The War-song of the Men of Glamorgan.

The Welsh, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only an inferior breed of horses, were usually unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-Norman cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invaders; and the following verses are supposed to celebrate a defeat of CLARE, *Earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and of* NEVILLE, *Baron of Chepstow, Lords-Marchers of Monmouthshire. Rymny is a stream which divides the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan: Caerphili, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.*

I.

RED glows the forge in Striguil's bounds,
And hammers din, and anvil sounds,
And armourers, with iron toil,
Barb many a steed for battle's broil.

Foul fall the hand which bends the steel
Around the courser's thundering heel,
That e'er shall dint a sable wound
On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground.

II.

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,
Was heard afar the bugle horn;
And forth, in banded pomp and pride,
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.
They swore, their banners broad should gleam,
In crimson light, on Rymny's stream;
They vow'd, Caerphili's sod should feel
The Norman charger's spurning heel.

III.

And sooth they swore—the sun arose,
And Rymny's wave with crimson glows;
For Clare's red banner, floating wide,
Roll'd down the stream to Severn's tide!

And sooth they vow'd—the trampled green
Shew'd where hot Neville's charge had been :
In every sable hoof-tramp stood
A Norman horseman's curdling blood !

IV.

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil,
That arm'd stout Clare for Cambrian broil ;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.
No more the stamp of armed steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead ;
Nor trace be there, in early spring,
Save of the Fairies' emerald ring.

THE

DYING BARD.

AIR—Daffydz Gangwen.

The Welsh tradition bears, that a Bard, on his death-bed, demanded his harp, and played the air to which these verses are adapted; requesting, that it might be performed at his funeral.

I.

DINAS EMLINN, lament; for the moment is nigh,
When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die;
No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,
And mix his wild notes with the wild-dashing wave.

II.

In spring and in autumn, thy glories of shade
Unhonour'd shall flourish, unhonour'd shall fade;

For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,
That view'd them with rapture, with rapture that
sung.

III.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;
But where is the harp shall give life to their name?
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

IV.

And oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,
Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark hair;
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

V.

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy loved scene,
To join the dim choir of the bards who have been;
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the Old,
And sage Taliessin, high harping to hold.

VI.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy shades,
Unconquer'd thy warriors, and matchless thy maids!
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can tell,
Farewell, my loved Harp! my last treasure, farewell!

THE

MAID OF TORO.

O, Low shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
And weak were the whispers that waved the dark wood
All as a fair maiden, bewilder'd in sorrow,
Sorely sigh'd to the breezes, and wept to the flood.
" O, saints! from the mansions of bliss lowly bending;
Sweet Virgin! who hearest the suppliant's cry;
Now grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Henry restore, or let Eleanor die!"—

All distant and faint were the sounds of the battle,
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's dread rattle,
And the chace's wild clamour, came loading the gale.

reathless she gazed on the woodlands so dreary ;
Slowly approaching a warrior was seen ;
ife's ebbing tide mark'd his footsteps so weary,
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.

O, save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying !
O, save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low !
eadly cold on yon heath thy brave Henry is lying ;
And fast through the woodland approaches the foe."—
arce could he faulter the tidings of sorrow,
And scarce could she hear them, benumb'd with despair :
nd when the sun sunk on the sweet lake of Toro,
Forever he set to the Brave, and the Fair.

HELLVELLYN.

In the spring of 1805, *a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.*

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and
wide;
All was still, save by fits when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer ha
died.

rk green was the spot mid the brown mountain-heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,
ke the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
r yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
r, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
e much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

ow long didst thou think that his silence was slumber ;
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou
start ;
ow many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart ?
d, oh ! was it meet, that,—no requiem read o'er him,
mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
d thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him,—
Unhonour'd the pilgrim from life should depart !

hen a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall ;

With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are beaming;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb;
When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desart lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

BALLADS

FROM

THE GERMAN.

WILLIAM AND HELEN.

Imitated from the "LENORE" *of* BÜRGER.

THE author had resolved to omit the following version of a well-known Poem, in any collection which he might make of his poetical trifles. But the publishers having pleaded for its admission, the author has consented, though not unaware of the disadvantage at which this youthful essay (for it was written in 1795) must appear with those which have been executed by much more able hands, in particular that of Mr Taylor of Norwich, and that of Mr Spencer.

The following Translation was written long before the author saw any other, and originated in the follow-

ing circumstances. A lady of high rank in the literary world read this romantic tale, as translated by Mr Taylor, in the house of the celebrated Professor Dugald Stewart of Edinburgh. The author was not present, nor indeed in Edinburgh at the time; but a gentleman who had the pleasure of hearing the ballad, afterwards told him the story, and repeated the remarkable chorus,

> "Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
> Splash! splash! along the sea;
> Hurrah! hurrah! The dead can ride!
> Dost fear to ride with me?"

In attempting a translation then intended only to circulate among friends, the present author did not hesitate to make use of this impressive stanza; for which freedom he has since obtained the forgiveness of the ingenious gentleman to whom it properly belongs.

WILLIAM AND HELEN.

I.

From heavy dreams fair Helen rose,
And eyed the dawning red:
"Alas, my love, thou tarriest long!
O art thou false or dead?"—

II.

With gallant Fred'rick's princely power
He sought the bold crusade;
But not a word from Judah's wars
Told Helen how he sped.

III.

With Paynim and with Saracen
At length a truce was made,
And ev'ry knight return'd to dry
The tears his love had shed.

IV.

Our gallant host was homeward bound,
With many a song of joy;
Green waved the laurel in each plume,
The badge of victory.

V.

And old and young, and sire and son,
To meet them crowd the way,
With shouts, and mirth, and melody,
The debt of love to pay.

VI.

Full many a maid her true love met.
And sobb'd in his embrace,
And flutt'ring joy in tears and smiles,
Array'd full many a face.

VII.

Nor joy nor smile for Helen sad;
She sought the host in vain;
For none could tell her William's fate,
If faithless, or if slain.

VIII.

The martial band is past and gone;
She rends her raven hair,
And in distraction's bitter mood
She weeps with wild despair.

IX.

" O rise, my child," her mother said,
" Nor sorrow thus in vain ;
A perjured lover's fleeting heart
No tears recal again."—

X.

" O mother, what is gone, is gone,
What's lost for ever lorn :
Death, death alone can comfort me ;
O had I ne'er been born !

XI.

O break, my heart, O break at once !
Drink my life-blood, Despair !
No joy remains on earth for me,
For me in heaven no share."—

XII.

" O enter not in judgment, Lord !"
The pious mother prays ;
" Impute not guilt to thy frail child !
She knows not what she says.

XIII.

" O say thy pater noster, child !
O turn to God and grace !
His will, that turn'd thy bliss to bale,
Can change thy bale to bliss."—

XIV.

" O mother, mother, what is bliss ?
O mother, what is bale ?
My William's love was heaven on earth,
Without it earth is hell.

XV.

" Why should I pray to ruthless Heaven,
Since my loved William's slain?
I only pray'd for William's sake,
And all my prayers were vain."—

XVI.

" O take the sacrament, my child,
And check these tears that flow;
By resignation's humble prayer,
O hallow'd be thy woe!"—

XVII.

" No sacrament can quench this fire,
Or slake this scorching pain;
No sacrament can bid the dead
Arise and live again.

XVIII.

" O break, my heart, O break at once !
Be thou my god, Despair !
Heaven's heaviest blow has fall'n on me,
And vain each fruitless pray'r."—

XIX.

" O enter not in judgment, Lord,
With thy frail child of clay !
She knows not what her tongue has spoke ;
Impute it not, I pray !

XX.

" Forbear, my child, this desp'rate woe,
And turn to God and grace ;
Well can devotion's heavenly glow
Convert thy bale to bliss."—

XXI.

" O mother, mother, what is bliss ?
O mother, what is bale ?
Without my William what were heaven,
Or with him what were hell !"—

XXII.

Wild she arraigns the eternal doom,
Upbraids each sacred power,
Till spent, she sought her silent room,
All in the lonely tower.

XXIII.

She beat her breast, she wrung her hands,
Till sun and day were o'er,
And through the glimm'ring lattice shone
The twinkling of the star.

XXIV.

Then crash ! the heavy draw-bridge fell
That o'er the moat was hung ;
And clatter ! clatter ! on its boards
The hoof of courser rung.

XXV.

The clank of echoing steel was heard
As off the rider bounded ;
And slowly on the winding stair
A heavy footstep sounded.

XXVI.

And hark ! and hark ! a knock—Tap ! tap !
A rustling stifled noise ;—
Door-latch and tinkling staples ring ;—
At length a whisp'ring voice.

XXVII.

" Awake, awake! arise, my love!
How, Helen, dost thou fare?
Wak'st thou, or sleep'st? laugh'st thou, or weep
Hast thought on me, my fair?"—

XXVIII.

" My love! my love!—so late by night!—
I waked, I wept for thee!
Much have I borne since dawn of morn;
Where, William, could'st thou be?"—

XXIX.

" We saddle late—From Hungary
I rode since darkness fell;
And to its bourne we both return
Before the matin bell."—

XXX.

" O rest this night within my arms,
And warm thee in their fold!
Chill howls through hawthorn bush the wind;—
My love is deadly cold."—

XXXI.

" Let the wind howl through hawthorn bush!
This night we must away;
The steed is wight, the spur is bright;
I cannot stay till day.

XXXII.

" Busk, busk, and boune! Thou mount'st behind
Upon my black barb steed:
O'er stock and stile, a hundred miles,
We haste to bridal bed."—

XXXIII.

" To-night—to-night a hundred miles!—
O dearest William, stay!
The bell strikes twelve—dark, dismal hour
O wait, my love, till day!"—

XXXIV.

" Look here, look here—the moon shines clear—
Full fast, I ween, we ride;
Mount and away! for ere the day
We reach our bridal bed.

XXXV.

" The black barb snorts, the bridle rings;
Haste, busk, and boune, and seat thee!
The feast is made, the chamber spread,
The bridal guests await thee."—

XXXVI.

Strong love prevail'd: She busks, she bounes,
She mounts the barb behind,
And round her darling William's waist
Her lily arms she twined.

XXXVII.

And hurry! hurry! off they rode,
As fast as fast might be;
Spurn'd from the courser's thundering heels,
The flashing pebbles flee.

XXXVIII.

And on the right, and on the left,
Ere they could snatch a view,
Fast, fast each mountain, mead, and plain,
And cot and castle flew.

XXXIX.

" Sit fast—dost fear?—The moon shines clear—
Fleet goes my barb—keep hold!
Fear'st thou?"—" O no!" she faintly said;
" But why so stern and cold?

XL.

" What yonder rings? what yonder sings?
Why shrieks the owlet gray?"—
" 'Tis death-bells clang, 'tis funeral song,
The body to the clay.

XLI.

" With song and clang at morrow's dawn,
Ye may inter the dead:
To-night I ride, with my young bride,
To deck our bridal bed.

XLII.

" Come with thy choir, thou coffin'd guest,
To swell our nuptial song!
Come, priest, to bless our marriage feast!
Come all, come all along!"—

XLIII.

Ceased clang and song; down sunk the bier;
The shrouded corpse arose:
And hurry! hurry! all the train
The thund'ring steed pursues.

XLIV.

And forward! forward! on they go;
High snorts the straining steed;
Thick pants the rider's labouring breath,
As headlong on they speed.

XLV.

" O William, why this savage haste?
And where thy bridal bed?"
" 'Tis distant far, low, damp, and chill,
And narrow, trustless maid."—

XLVI.

" No room for me?"—" Enough for both;—
Speed, speed, my barb, thy course!"
O'er thund'ring bridge, through boiling surge,
He drove the furious horse.

XLVII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is wight, the spur is bright,
The flashing pebbles flee.

XLVIII.

Fled past on right and left how fast
Each forest, grove, and bower;
On right and left fled past how fast
Each city, town, and tower.

XLIX.

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear,
Dost fear to ride with me?
Hurrah! hurrah! The dead can ride!"—
O William, let them be!—

L.

"See there, see there! What yonder swings
And creaks 'mid whistling rain?"—
"Gibbet and steel, th' accursed wheel;
A murd'rer in his chain.—

LI.

" Hollo ! thou felon, follow here :
To bridal bed we ride ;
And thou shalt prance a fetter dance
Before me and my bride."—

LII.

And hurry ! hurry ! clash, clash, clash !
The wasted form descends ;
And fleet as wind through hazel bush
The wild career attends.

LIII.

Tramp ! tramp ! along the land they rode,
Splash ! splash ! along the sea ;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

LIV.

How fled what moonshine faintly shew'd!
How fled what darkness hid!
How fled the earth beneath their feet,
The heav'n above their head!

LV.

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear,
And well the dead can ride;
Does faithful Helen fear for them?"—
"O leave in peace the dead!"—

LVI.

"Barb! Barb! methinks I hear the cock;
The sand will soon be run:
Barb! Barb! I smell the morning air;
The race is well nigh done."—

LVII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

LVIII.

"Hurrah! hurrah! well ride the dead;
The bride, the bride is come!
And soon we reach the bridal bed,
For, Helen! here's my home."—

LIX.

Reluctant on its rusty hinge
Revolved an iron door,
And by the pale moon's setting beam
Were seen a church and tow'r.

LX.

With many a shriek and cry whiz round
The birds of midnight, scared;
And rustling like autumnal leaves
Unhallow'd ghosts were heard.

LXI.

O'er many a tomb and tomb-stone pale
He spurr'd the fiery horse,
Till sudden at an open grave
He check'd the wond'rous course.

LXII.

The falling gauntlet quits the rein,
Down drops the casque of steel,
The cuirass leaves his shrinking side,
The spur his gory heel.

LXIII.

The eyes desert the naked skull,
The mould'ring flesh the bone,
Till Helen's lily arms entwine
A ghastly skeleton.

LXIV.

The furious barb snorts fire and foam,
And, with a fearful bound,
Dissolves at once in empty air,
And leaves her on the ground.

LXV.

Half seen by fits, by fits half heard,
Pale spectres flit along,
Wheel round the maid in dismal dance,
And howl the funeral song;

LXVI.

" E'en when the heart's with anguish cleft,
Revere the doom of Heav'n.
Her soul is from her body reft;
Her spirit be forgiven !"—

THE

BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

These verses are a literal translation of an ancient Swiss ballad upon the battle of Sempach, fought 9th July, 1386, being the victory by which the Swiss Cantons established their independence. The author, Albert Tchudi, denominated the Souter, from his profession of a shoemaker. He was a citizen of Lucerne, esteemed highly among his countrymen, both for his powers as a *Meister-singer* or minstrel, and his courage as a soldier; so that he might share the praise conferred by Collins on Æschylus, that—

——"Not alone he nursed the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot steel."

The circumstance of their being written by a poet returning from the well-fought field he describes, and in which his country's fortune was secured, may confer on Tchudi's verses an interest which they are not entitled to claim from their poetical merit. But ballad poetry, the more literally it is translated, the more it loses its simplicity, without acquiring either grace or strength; and therefore some of the faults of the verses must be imputed to the translator's feeling it a duty to keep as closely as possible to his original. The various puns, rude attempts at pleasantry, and disproportioned episodes, must be set down to Tchudi's account, or to the taste of his age.

The military antiquary will derive some amusement from the minute particulars which the martial poet has recorded. The mode in which the Austrian men-at-arms received the charge of the Swiss, was by forming a phalanx, which they defended with their long lances. The gallant Winkelried, who sacrificed his own life by rushing among the spears, clasping in his arms as many as he could grasp, and thus opening a gap in these iron battalions, is celebrated in Swiss history. When fairly mingled together, the unwieldy length of their weapons, and cumbrous weight of their defensive armour,

rendered the Austrian men-at-arms a very unequal match for the light-armed mountaineers. The victories obtained by the Swiss over the German chivalry, hitherto deemed as formidable on foot as on horseback, led to important changes in the art of war. The poet describes the Austrian knights and squires as cutting the peaks from their boots ere they could act upon foot, in allusion to an inconvenient piece of foppery, often mentioned in the middle ages. Leopold III. Archduke of Austria, called, " The handsome man-at-arms," was slain in the battle of Sempach, with the flower of his chivalry.

THE

BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

'Twas when among our linden trees
The bees had housed in swarms,
(And grey-hair'd peasants say that these
Betoken foreign arms,)

Then look'd we down to Willisow,
The land was all in flame;
We knew the Archduke Leopold
With all his army came.

The Austrian nobles made their vow,
So hot their heart and bold,
" On Switzer carles we'll trample now,
And slay both young and old."—

With clarion loud, and banner proud,
From Zurich on the lake,
In martial pomp and fair array,
Their onward march they make.

" Now list, ye lowland nobles all,
Ye seek the mountain strand,
Nor wot ye what shall be your lot
In such a dangerous land.

" I rede ye, shrive you of your sins,
Before you further go ;
A skirmish in Helvetian hills
May send your souls to woe."—

"But where now shall we find a priest
Our shrift that he may hear?"—
"The Switzer priest* has ta'en the field,
He deals a penance drear.

"Right heavily upon your head
He'll lay his hand of steel;
And with his trusty partizan
Your absolution deal."—

'Twas on a Monday morning then,
The corn was steep'd in dew,
And merry maids had sickles ta'en,
When the host to Sempach drew.

The stalwart men of fair Lucerne
Together have they join'd;

---

* All the Swiss clergy who were able to bear arms fought in this patriotic war.

The pith and core of manhood stern,
Was none cast looks behind.

It was the Lord of Hare-castle,
And to the Duke he said,
"Yon little band of brethren true
Will meet us undismay'd."—

"O Hare-castle,* thou heart of hare!"
Fierce Oxenstern replied.
"Shalt see then how the game will fare,"
The taunted knight replied.

There was lacing then of helmets bright,
And closing ranks amain;
The peaks they hew'd from their boot-points
Might well nigh load a wain.†

---

* In the original, *Haasenstein*, or *Hare-stone.*

† This seems to allude to the preposterous fashion, during the middle ages, of wearing boots with the points or peaks

And thus, they to each other said,
"Yon handful down to hew
Will be no boastful tale to tell,
The peasants are so few."—

The gallant Swiss confederates there,
They pray'd to God aloud,
And he display'd his rainbow fair
Against a swarthy cloud.

Then heart and pulse throb'd more and more
With courage firm and high,
And down the good confed'rates bore
On the Austrian chivalry.

---

turned upwards, and so long, that in some cases they were fastened to the knees of the wearer with small chains. When they alighted to fight upon foot, it would seem that the Austrian gentlemen found it necessary to cut off these peaks, that they might move with the necessary activity.

The Austrian Lion* 'gan to growl,
And toss his mane and tail;
And ball, and shaft, and cross-bow bolt
Went whistling forth like hail.

Lance, pike, and halberd, mingled there,
The game was nothing sweet;
The boughs of many a stately tree
Lay shiver'd at their feet.

The Austrian men-at-arms stood fast,
So close their spears they laid;
It chafed the gallant Winkelried,
Who to his comrades said—

"I have a virtuous wife at home,
A wife and infant son;

---

* A pun on the Archduke's name, Leopold.

I leave them to my country's care,—
This field shall soon be won.

" These nobles lay their spears right thick,
And keep full firm array,
Yet shall my charge their order break,
And make my brethren way."—

He rush'd against the Austrian band,
In desperate career,
And with his body, breast, and hand,
Bore down each hostile spear.

Four lances splinter'd on his crest,
Six shiver'd in his side;
Still on the serried files he press'd—
He broke their ranks, and died.

This patriot's self-devoted deed,
First tamed the Lion's mood,

And the four forest Cantons freed
From thraldom by his blood.

Right where his charge had made a lane,
His valiant comrades burst,
With sword and axe, and partizan,
And hack, and stab, and thrust.

The daunted Lion 'gan to whine,
And granted ground amain,
The mounted Bull,* he bent his brows,
And gored his sides again.

Then lost was banner, spear, and shield,
At Sempach in the flight,
The cloister vaults at Konig'sfield
Hold many an Austrian knight.

---

* A pun on the URUS, or wild bull, which gives name to the canton of Uri.

It was the Archduke Leopold,
So lordly would he ride,
But he came against the Switzer churls,
And they slew him in his pride.

The Heifer said unto the Bull,
" And shall I not complain?
There came a foreign nobleman
To milk me on the plain.

" One thrust of thine outrageous horn
Has gall'd the knight so sore,
That to the churchyard he is borne,
To range our glens no more."—

An Austrian noble left the stour,
And fast the flight 'gan take;
And he arrived in luckless hour
At Sempach on the lake.

He and his squire a fisher call'd,
(His name was Hans Von Rot,)
" For love, or meed, or charity,
Receive us in thy boat."—

Their anxious call the fisher heard,
And, glad the meed to win,
His shallop to the shore he steer'd,
And took the fliers in.

And while against the tide and wind
Hans stoutly row'd his way,
The noble to his follower sign'd
He should the boatman slay.

The fisher's back was to them turn'd,
The squire his dagger drew,
Hans saw his shadow in the lake,
The boat he overthrew.

He 'whelm'd the boat, and as they strove,
He stunn'd them with his oar,
"Now, drink ye deep, my gentle sirs,
You'll ne'er stab boatman more.

"Two gilded fishes in the lake
This morning have I caught,
Their silver scales may much avail,
Their carrion flesh is naught."—

It was a messenger of woe
Has sought the Austrian land;
"Ah! gracious lady, evil news!
My lord lies on the strand.

"At Sempach, on the battle-field,
His blood corpse lies there."—
"Ah, gracious God!" the lady cried,
"What tidings of despair!"—

Now would you know the minstrel wight,
Who sings of strife so stern,
Albert the Souter is he hight,
A burgher of Lucerne.

A merry man was he, I wot,
The night he made the lay,
Returning from the bloody spot,
Where God had judged the day.

THE

NOBLE MORINGER,

AN ANCIENT BALLAD,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

The original of these verses occurs in a collection of German popular songs, entitled Sammlung Deutschen Volkslieder, Berlin 1807, published by Messrs Busching and Von der Hagen, both, and more especially the last, distinguished for their acquaintance with the ancient popular poetry and legendary history of Germany.

In the German editor's notice of the ballad, it is stated to have been extracted from a manuscript Chronicle of Nicholaus Thomann, chaplain to Saint Leonard in Weisenhorn, which bears the date 1533; and the song is stated by the author to have been generally sung in the neighbourhood at that early period. Thomann, as quo-

ted by the German editor, seems faithfully to have believed the event he narrates. He quotes tomb-stones and obituaries to prove the existence of the personages of the ballad, and discovers that there actually died on the 11th May 1349, a Lady Von Neuffen, Countess of Marstetten, who was by birth of the house of Moringer. This lady he supposes to have been Morringer's daughter mentioned in the ballad. He quotes the same authority for the death of Berckhold Von Neuffen in the same year. The editors, on the whole, seem to embrace the opinion of Professor Smith of Ulm, who, from the language of the ballad, ascribes its date to the fifteenth century.

The legend itself turns on an incident not peculiar to Germany, and which perhaps was not unlikely to happen in more instances than one, when crusaders abode long in the Holy Land, and their disconsolate dames received no tidings of their fate. A story very similar in circumstances, but without the miraculous machinery of Saint Thomas, is told of one of the ancient Lords of Haigh-hall in Lancashire, the patrimonial inheritance of the late Countess of Balcarras; and the particulars are represented in stained glass upon a window in that ancient manor house.

THE

NOBLE MORINGER.

I.

, WILL you hear a knightly tale of old Bohemian day,
was the noble Moringer in wedlock bed he lay,
e halsed and kiss'd his dearest dame, that was as sweet as
May,
ıd said, " Now, lady of my heart, attend the words I say.

II.

Tis I have vow'd a pilgrimage unto a distant shrine,
ıd I must seek Saint Thomas-land, and leave the land
that's mine ;

Here shalt thou dwell the while in state, so thou wilt pledg
thy fay,
That thou for my return will wait seven twelvemonths an
a day."—

III.

Then out and spoke that Lady bright, sore troubled in he
cheer,
" Now tell me true, thou noble knight, what order takes
thou here;
And who shall lead thy vassal band, and hold thy lordl
sway,
And be thy lady's guardian true when thou art far away?"—

IV.

Out spoke the noble Moringer, " Of that have thou n
care,
There's many a valiant gentleman of me holds living fair

The trustiest shall rule my land, my vassals and my state,
And be a guardian tried and true to thee, my lovely mate.

V.

'As Christian-man, I needs must keep the vow which I have plight,
When I am far in foreign land, remember thy true knight;
And cease, my dearest dame, to grieve, for vain were sorrow now,
But grant thy Moringer his leave, since God hath heard his vow."—

VI.

't was the noble Moringer from bed he made him bowne,
And met him there his Chamberlain, with ewer and with gown:
He flung the mantle on his back, 'twas furr'd with miniver,
He dipp'd his hand in water cold, and bathed his forehead fair.

VII.

" Now hear," he said, " Sir Chamberlain, true vassal ar
thou mine,
And such the trust that I repose in that proved worth o
thine,
For seven years shalt thou rule my towers, and lead m
vassal train,
And pledge thee for my Lady's faith till I return again."—

VIII.

The Chamberlain was blunt and true, and sturdily said he
" Abide, my lord, and rule your own, and take this red
from me ;
That woman's faith's a brittle trust—Seven twelvemonth
did'st thou say ?
I'll pledge me for no lady's truth, beyond the seventh fa
day."—

IX.

The noble Baron turn'd him round, his heart was full of care,
His gallant Esquire stood him nigh, he was Marstetten's heir,
To whom he spoke right anxiously, " Thou trusty squire to me,
Wilt thou receive this weighty trust when I am o'er the sea?

X.

" To watch and ward my castle strong, and to protect my land,
And to the hunting or the host to lead my vassal band;
And pledge thee for my Lady's faith, till seven long years are gone,
And guard her as Our Lady dear was guarded by Saint John."—

XI.

Marstetten's heir was kind and true, but fiery, hot, and young,
And readily he answer made with too presumptuous tongue;
" My noble lord, cast care away, and on your journey wend,
And trust this charge to me until your pilgrimage have end.

XII.

" Rely upon my plighted faith, which shall be truly tried,
To guard your lands, and ward your towers, and with your vassals ride;
And for your lovely Lady's faith, so virtuous and so dear,
I'll gage my head it knows no change, be absent thirty year."—

XIII.

The noble Moringer took cheer when thus he heard him speak,
And doubt forsook his troubled brow, and sorrow left his cheek;
A long adieu he bids to all—hoists top-sails, and away,
And wanders in Saint Thomas-land seven twelvemonths and a day.

XIV.

It was the noble Moringer within an orchard slept,
When on the Baron's slumbering sense a boding vision crept;
And whisper'd in his ear a voice, "'Tis time, Sir Knight, to wake,
Thy Lady and thine heritage another master take.

XV.

" Thy tower another banner knows, thy steeds anothe
rein,
And stoop them to another's will thy gallant vassal train
And she, the Lady of thy love, so faithful once and fair,
This night within thy father's hall she weds Marstetten
heir."—

XVI.

It is the noble Moringer starts up and tears his beard,
" Oh would that I had ne'er been born ! what tidings hav
I heard !
To lose my lordship and my lands the less would be m
care,
But, God ! that e'er a squire untrue should wed my Lad
fair !

XVII.

" O good Saint Thomas, hear," he pray'd, " my patron Saint art thou,
A traitor robs me of my land even while I pay my vow!
My wife he brings to infamy that was so pure of name,
And I am far in foreign land, and must endure the shame."—

XVIII.

It was the good Saint Thomas, then, who heard his pilgrim's prayer,
And sent a sleep so deep and dead that it o'erpower'd his care;
He waked in fair Bohemian land outstretch'd beside a rill,
High on the right a castle stood, low on the left a mill.

XIX.

The Moringer he started up as one from spell unbound,
And dizzy with surprise and joy gazed wildly all around;

" I know my father's ancient towers, the mill, the strea
I know;
Now blessed be my patron Saint who cheer'd his pilgrim
woe!"—

XX.

He leant upon his pilgrim staff, and to the mill he drew,
So alter'd was his goodly form that none their master knev
The Baron to the miller said, " Good friend, for charity,
Tell a poor palmer in your land what tidings may the
be?"—

XXI.

The miller answer'd him again, " He knew of little news
Save that the Lady of the land did a new bridegroo
chuse;
Her husband died in distant land, such is the constant wor
His death sits heavy on our souls, he was a worthy Lord

XXII.

Of him I held the little mill which wins me living free,
God rest the Baron in his grave, he still was kind to me ;
nd when Saint Martin's tide comes round, and millers take
their toll,
he priest that prays for Moringer shall have both cope and
stole."—

XXIII.

was the noble Moringer to climb the hill began,
nd stood before the bolted gate a woe and weary man ;
Now help me, every saint in heaven that can compassion
take,
gain the entrance of my hall this woeful match to break."—

XXIV.

is very knock it sounded sad, his call was sad and slow,
r heart and head, and voice and hand, were heavy all
with woe ;

And to the warder thus he spoke, " Friend, to thy Lad
say,
A pilgrim from Saint Thomas-land craves harbour for
day.

XXV.

" I've wander'd many a weary step, my strength is well nig
done,
And if she turn me from her gate I'll see no morrow's sun
I pray, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake, a pilgrim's bed an
dole,
And for the sake of Moringer's, her once loved husband
soul."—

XXVI.

It was the stalwart warder then he came his dame before
" A pilgrim worn and travel-toil'd stands at the castle doo
And prays for sweet Saint Thomas' sake for harbour and f
dole,
And for the sake of Moringer, thy noble husband's soul."

XXVII.

'he Lady's gentle heart was moved, "Do up the gate," she said,
And bid the wanderer welcome be to banquet and to bed;
nd since he names my husband's name, so that he lists to stay,
hese towers shall be his harbourage a twelvemonth and a day."—

XXVIII.

t was the stalwart warder then undid the portal broad,
t was the noble Moringer that o'er the threshold strode;
And have thou thanks, kind heaven," he said, "though from a man of sin,
hat the true lord stands here once more his castle gate within."—

XXIX.

Then up the hall paced Moringer, his step was sad and slow
It sat full heavy on his heart, none seem'd their Lord t
know;
He sat him on a lowly bench, oppress'd with woe an
wrong,
Short space he sat, but ne'er to him seem'd little space s
long.

XXX.

Now spent was day, and feasting o'er, and come was even
ing hour,
The time was nigh when new-made brides retire to nup
tial bower;
"Our castle's wont," a brides-man said, "hath been bot
firm and long,
No guest to harbour in our halls till he shall chaunt
song."—

XXXI.

Then spoke the youthful bridegroom there as he sat by the bride,
"My merry minstrel folks," quoth he, "lay shalm and harp aside;
Our pilgrim guest must sing a lay, the castle's rule to hold,
And well his guerdon will I pay with garment and with gold."—

XXXII.

"Chill flows the lay of frozen age," 'twas thus the pilgrim sung,
Nor golden meed, nor garment gay, unlocks her heavy tongue;
Once did I sit, thou bridegroom gay, at board as rich as thine,
And by my side as fair a bride, with all her charms, was mine.

XXXIII.

" But time traced furrows on my face, and I grew silver
hair'd,
For locks of brown, and cheeks of youth, she left this brow
and beard;
Once rich, but now a palmer poor, I tread life's latest stage
And mingle with your bridal mirth the lay of frozen age."—

XXXIV.

It was the noble Lady there this woeful lay that hears,
And for the aged pilgrim's grief her eye was dimm'd with
tears;
She bade her gallant cup-bearer a golden beaker take,
And bear it to the palmer poor to quaff it for her sake.

XXXV.

It was the noble Moringer that dropp'd amid the wine
A bridal ring of burnish'd gold so costly and so fine:

Now listen, gentles, to my song, it tells you but the sooth,
'Twas with that very ring of gold he pledged his bridal truth.

XXXVI.

Then to the cup-bearer he said, "Do me one kindly deed,
And, should my better days return, full rich shall be thy meed;
Bear back the golden cup again to yonder bride so gay,
And crave her of her courtesy to pledge the palmer gray."—

XXXVII.

The cup-bearer was courtly bred, nor was the boon denied,
The golden cup he took again, and bore it to the bride;
"Lady," he said, "your reverend guest sends this, and bids me pray,
That, in thy noble courtesy, thou pledge the palmer gray."—

XXXVIII.

The ring hath caught the Lady's eye, she views it close and
near,
Then you might hear her shriek aloud, " The Moringer is
here !"
Then might you see her start from seat, while tears in tor-
rents fell,
But whether 'twas for joy or woe the ladies best can tell.

XXXIX.

But loud she utter'd thanks to heaven, and every saintly
power,
That had return'd the Moringer before the midnight hour
And loud she utter'd vow on vow, that never was there
bride,
That had like her preserved her troth, or been so sorely
tried.

XL.

" Yes, here I claim the praise," she said, " to constant
matrons due,
Who keep the troth that they have plight so stedfastly and
true ;
For count the term howe'er you will, so that you count
aright,
Seven twelvemonths and a day are out when bells toll
twelve to-night."—

XLI.

It was Marstetten then rose up, his falchion there he drew,
He kneel'd before the Moringer, and down his weapon
threw ;
" My oath and knightly faith are broke," these were the
words he said,
" Then take, my liege, thy vassal's sword, and take thy
vassal's head."—

XLII.

The noble Moringer he smiled, and then aloud did say,
" He gathers wisdom that hath roam'd seven twelvemonth
and a day;
My daughter now hath fifteen years, fame speaks her swee
and fair,
I give her for the bride you lose, and name her for my hei

XLIII.

" The young bridegroom hath youthful bride, the old brid
groom the old,
Whose faith was kept till term and tide so punctually we
told;
But blessings on the warder kind that oped my castle gat
For had I come at morrow tide, I came a day too late."-

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

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